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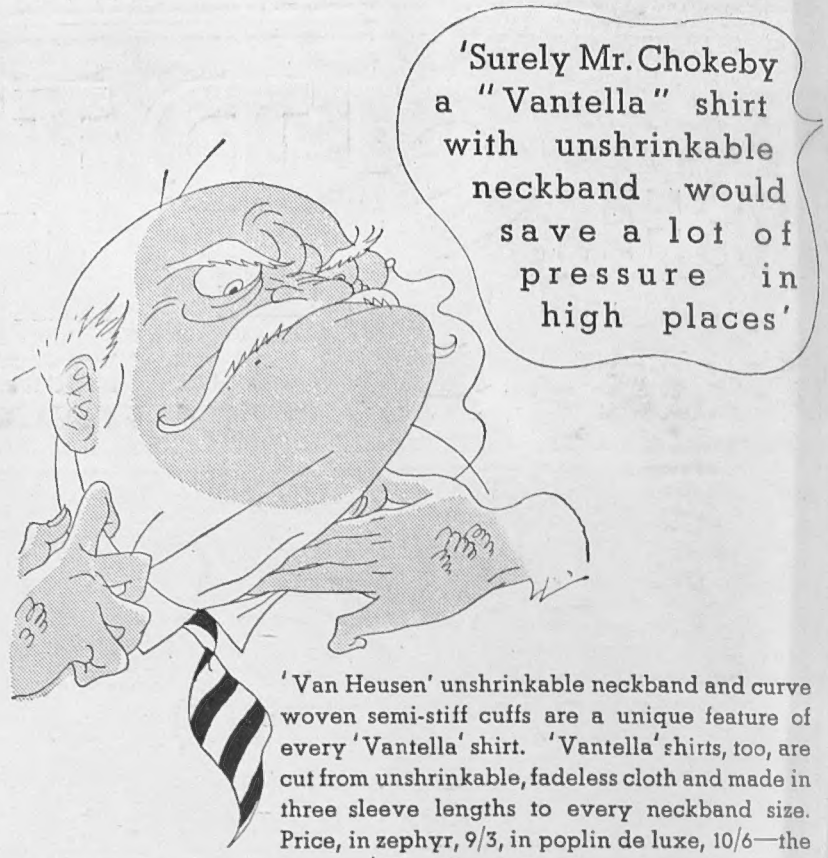

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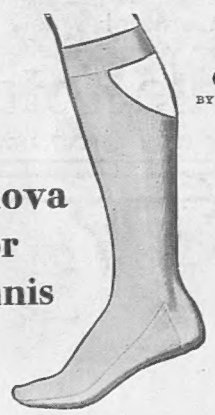

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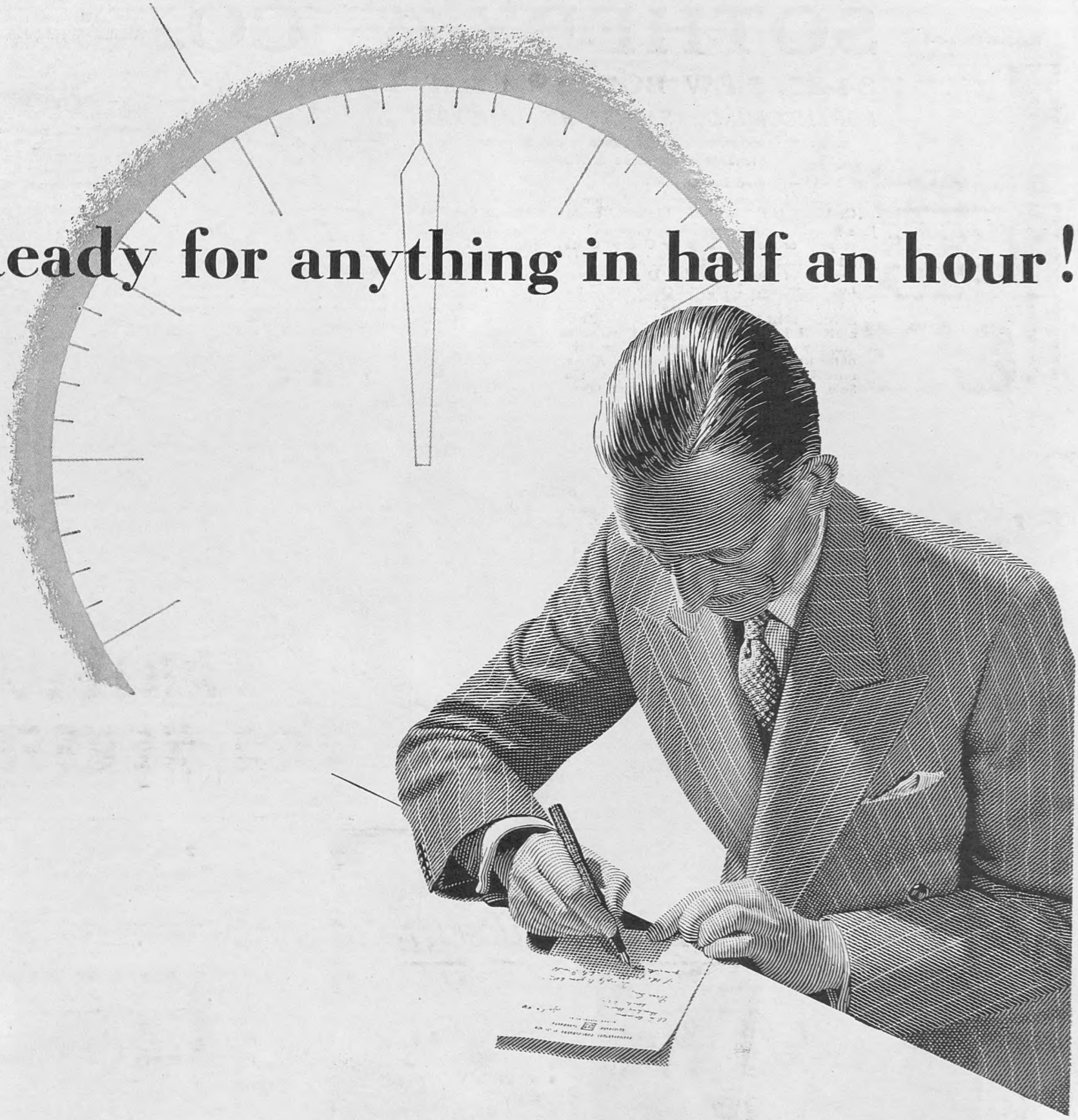

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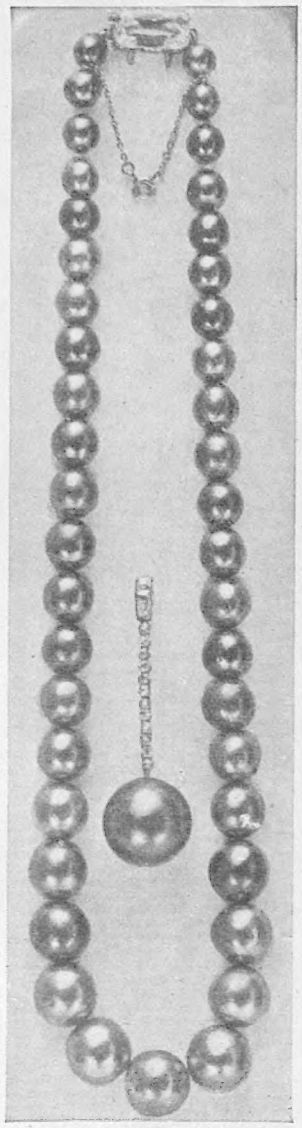

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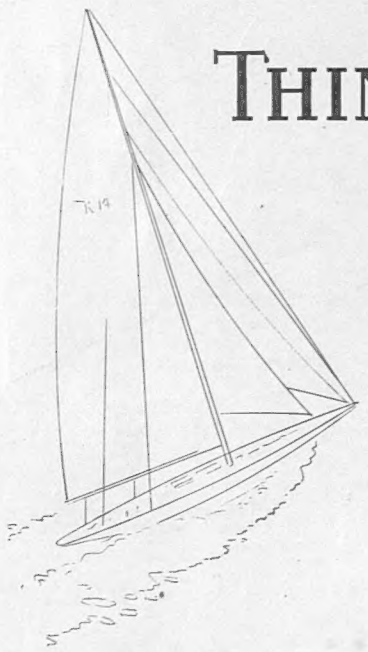

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The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, June 26th, 1937

The First ROYAL GARDEN PARTY *of the Reign*

A Brilliant Function in the Grounds of Buckingham Palace, Largely Attended by Dominion and Colonial Guests

Some 10,000 guests, including hosts of notabilities from the Dominions and Colonies over here for the Coronation, thronged the spacious lawns of Buckingham Palace last Tuesday at the first Royal Garden Party of the reign and with them mingled the King and Queen, Queen Mary, the little Princesses, and other members of the Royal Family. It was indeed a brilliant spectacle as wearers of gleaming gold, silver, and pastel-shaded saris moved among women in Ascot modes, creating a scene of cosmopolitan splendour beneath the glowing afternoon sun. In the morning the King held a levee at St. James's Palace

On left—THE ROYAL HOST AND HOSTESS: The King and Queen, accompanied by Queen Mary and Princesses Elizabeth and Margaret Rose as they walked among their guests in the Palace grounds

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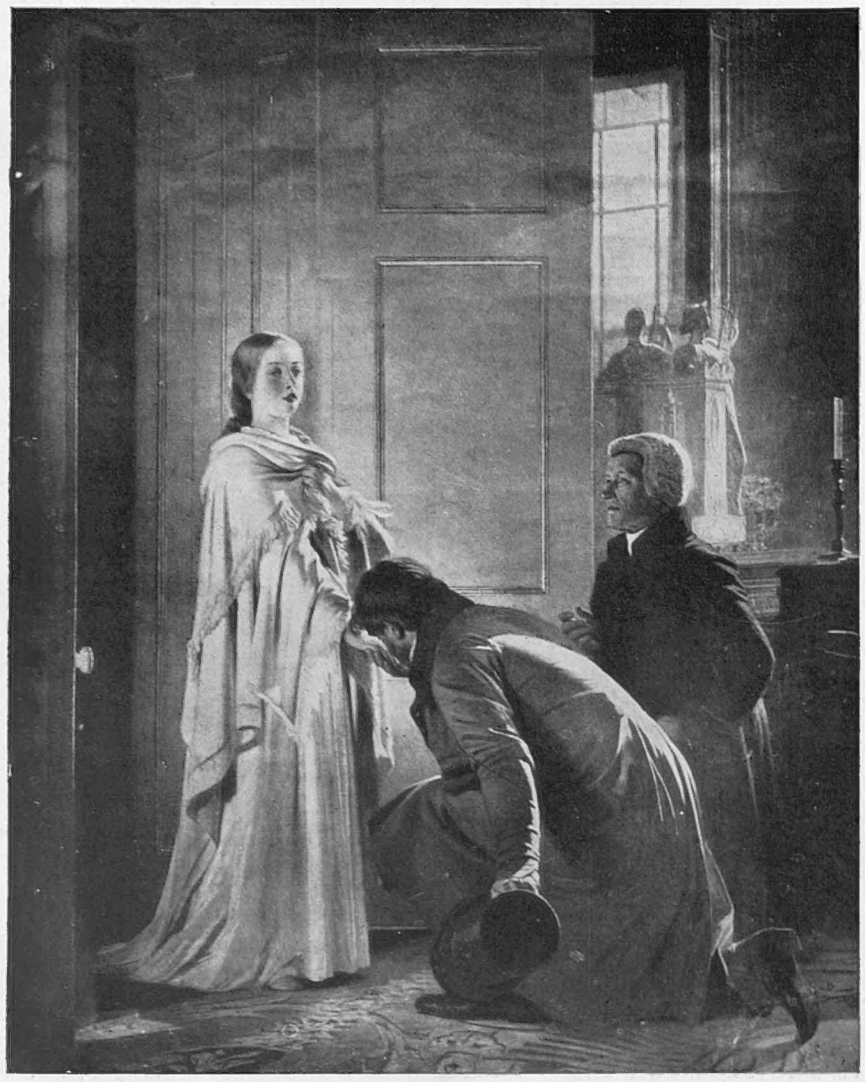


THE CENTENARY OF QUEEN VICTORIA'S ACCESSION: On Sunday last (June 20) it was exactly 100 years since this scene was enacted, the Archbishop of Canterbury and Lord Conyngham kneeling before the young princess after announcing the fact that her uncle, the King, was no more and that she had become Queen. In her diary on that momentous day Victoria wrote: "Since it has pleased Providence to place me in this station, I shall do my utmost to fulfil my duty towards my country; I am very young and perhaps in many, though not in all things, inexperienced, but I am sure that very few have more real good will and more real desire to do what is fit and right than I have"

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

32–34 St. Bride Street, E.C. 4.
Wednesday, June 23, 1937.

FRANCE AND BRITAIN—FLUID AND SOLID.—It is good to learn that the wind up of the Imperial Conference, if it revealed no great wealth of details concerning "business done" and policy planned, did satisfactorily prove that on all big issues on which the hopes of mankind depend there is solid agreement and understanding. The best that has come out of it is, I doubt not, the opportunity afforded to Premiers remote from Europe and preoccupied with "their own backyards," to see exactly how difficult is the task constantly confronting poor Mr. Eden in a blazing Europe, of which they could at last smell the smoke and hear the cracklings. Far away, they had felt that all those Eden expedients were over-elaborate and sadly futile. Now they know that it's a damned difficult and more intricate and more critical business than they wot of; and the more, by token, up to them to remember the larger Empire issue when driven by their own peoples to concentrate on their own domestic and economic difficulties. The Dominions have endorsed the necessity for the defence programme while reaffirming the principles of the League, purged of the injustices and follies of the peace treaties. The Imperial Conference was worth while. It was more than an exploring of avenues and an interchange of polite platitudes. It was an eye-opener to the out-posts. Europe matters—all over the world. Solidarity is apparent also at home in these Islands. National Government is very firmly established. Opposition is making no headway at all in by-elections. The Government's record in these numerous by-battles is surprisingly good. The world is dicky—politically and economically. The picture of Britain as the one solid rock in a stormy sea is still true. What of our ally, France? I am hoping to get some ideas (and to ventilate them next week) from Mr. A. L. Kennedy's little but concentrated tabloid *Britain faces Germany*. Meanwhile France looks to be facing one of her most serious crises in recent years. M. Blum remained on the crater's edge even when his fine and logical oratory had won over the hesitant Communists. From them he got his dictatorial powers to raise the wind and avert bankruptcy. But the Senate was adamant and M. Blum did not indeed do much to plead with it to let through his fiscal compromises. Perhaps he believed his resignation would be *reculer pour mieux sauter*. M. Chautemps was called upon, and immediately sat down to the task of cabinet-making. No Frenchman—M. Blum included—can stomach dictatorial powers of such a kind as M. Blum demanded. It was a last expedient. Yet one has faith in the French nation. When things look absolutely hopeless, their genius asserts itself. France never exerts herself till Zero hour has struck. She has wriggled out of worse tangles.

CAMBRIDGE CAMEO: On June 20 the final Tripos results were published outside the University Senate House, and there was the usual anxious, eager crowd of undergraduates and undergraduettes, with a sprinkling of dons, thronging round the lists the moment they were posted

N.D.C. (REVISED).—Industry will pay more (£19,000,000 more in a full year) but was estopped from complaining or criticising or at any rate from throwing out the new tax. Because, having admitted its willingness to bear the heavy burden of rearmament, it concentrated its criticisms of the first tax proposal on their clumsiness, injustices, and the inherent difficulties in the way of fair assessment and collection. The new proposals are not complicated nor ambiguous. They operate for five years only from April 1, 1937. The tax is levied on the profits of all trades and businesses, broadly, public and private, but not professions. The rate is 5 per cent. on public, 4 per cent. on other, companies, and the profits will be assessed as for income tax, the payer setting off the amount of the new tax against the claim on him for income tax. There are certain exceptions. All profits up to £2,000 a year are exempted and there are to be exceptions for certain industries newly set up in the special areas. In a full year it is expected that the Exchequer will net £25,000,000 by the tax. The tax is dreadfully severe but not so dreadfully irritating. Industry is to be hanged, but not quartered alive.

PEERS AND THEIR STYLES.—The habit among new peers of retaining their surnames in the choice of style and title of address has increased enormously in recent years. The reason is not far to seek. Hereditary titles have become an anachronism, inasmuch as the chief reason for their bestowal no longer obtains—viz: the possession of large landed estates, with the power and patronage which land ownership once possessed. A century ago the peerage was largely recruited from great land lords, notable generals and admirals, ex-Premiers and speakers, and of course the highest legal luminaries. Then came in the "beerage" and the captains of industry, and soon wealth in specie as opposed to wealth in acreage was the chief claim to ennoblement. Nowadays peerages are conferred far more "democratically" and often as a means of keeping the "party balance" in some semblance of reality in a constitution which is itself an anachronism. Men who had made their surnames famous were often loath to submerge them and there was only justification for doing so when they owned lands of which the names were linked in public memory with their own surnames. It is not strange that the new recruits prefer to retain their surnames, even when by device double-barrelled and awkward (e.g. Lord Noel-Buxton), although the retention of surnames, not made famous by distinguished victories in the field or at sea and in other public service, had its precedents among great landowners in old days (e.g. Spencer, Cadogan). Now it has become almost the rule.

BOWYER BARONETCIES.—Of eight new peerages recently created, no fewer than seven have retained their surnames—Baldwin, Samuel, Horne, Addison, Rea, Chatfield, and Cadman. Only Sir George Bowyer has chosen a name-place—Denham. The Bowyers came to Buckinghamshire via Staffordshire and Sussex and owned Denham Court by the end of the sixteenth century. Sir George Henry, head of the Bowyers, is a double baronet, the first creation being 1660, the second conferred on Admiral Bowyer of the *1st of June* in 1794. The new baronet of 1794, who succeeded also to the older creation, inherited from the Stonhouses the fine estate which is now Radley College. But Sir George Henry Bowyer must not be confused with Sir George Edward Wentworth Bowyer on whom the Barony of Denham has now been conferred. Oddly enough the latter is heir presumptive to his kinsman Sir G. H., and one day therefore may be a triple baronet (tenth, sixth, and first) as well as a baron (Lord Denham). It is all very elaborate, is it not? One word more on this picturesque survival. There are fewer surnames than place names in our dictionary of proper names and the retention by peers of surnames gives rise to confusion. New peers must wait their turns until other peerages of their own surname have died out (e.g. Lord Horne).

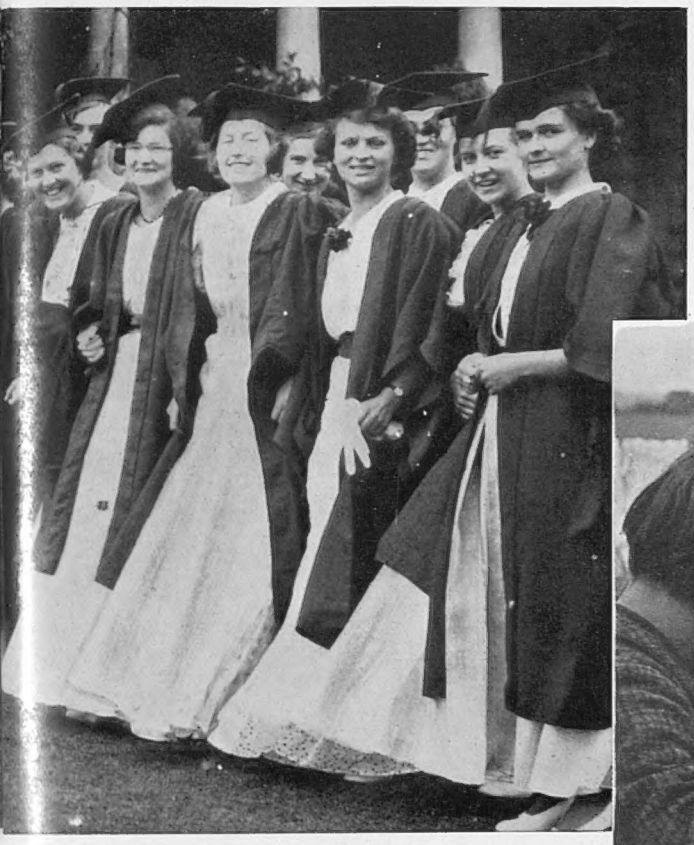
THAT BOOM.—In pressing their case before the Rates Tribunal for a 5 per cent. rise in fares and freight, the railway companies made the melancholy point that—from their point of view, at least—the boom was over. Coronation traffics will soon be

UNDERGRADUETTES CELEBRATE: Girl students of Royal Holloway College, Englefield Green, Surrey, a unit of London University, pictured in their mortar-boards and gowns during last Saturday's Commemoration festivities on the occasion of the College's jubilee. The Earl of Athlone, Chancellor of the University, was present

a beautiful memory. The essentials—coal, iron, steel, timber—were all costing more; internal economy by organisation has reached saturation point; they had nothing to hope for further reduction in expenditure but by new pooling agreements *inter se*. So the boom is over. It is curious how these booms go—like asparagus or Midsummer Day. They are gone before you realise that they and your summer were even signalled. If there was a boom between 1932 and 1937 I can unhesitatingly say I never knew it, felt it, enjoyed it—even sniffed it. All I knew was that there was no casual labour obtainable in Southern England.

LIGHT ON RICHARD GRENVILLE.—The epic of Richard Grenville at Flores—one against fifty-three—has always been Homeric and based on tradition which inclines to gain colour and romance and perhaps inaccuracy with the centuries. And since Grenville died and his ship sank, there was probably no battle in history which so greatly needed evidence from the other side. That evidence has recently been unearthed in Spain by Mr. A. L. Rowse and throws important light on the great saga. His biography of Grenville sets it forth, and I confess I itched to handle the new book which has thrown some useful light on Grenville's youth. He was much more than a glass-chewing pirate. Mr. Rowse discovered in a private collection of MSS. in Spain a Spanish account of Grenville's sea-fight, to which, in his history of the Spanish navy, the Spanish historian, Duro, made brief reference without quotation. God knows if ever again historians will—when the troubles of Spain are over—be able to strike such hidden veins of knowledge! It is a thought which enhances the value of Mr. Rowse's find. I wonder if Froude had knowledge of its existence. Froude it was who set the fashion in going to Spain for light on the saga of the Spanish Main. When he planned to write the story of the Armada—that classic which, for the first time almost, made English history live—he felt very much what Mr. Rowse felt. He saw the value of evidence from the other side and made no doubt it existed somewhere, hidden in archive-rooms, in Spain. And one day, searching at Simancas, he unearthed the contemporary account by Don Pedro Calderon, Accountant-General of the Fleet of Spain. Hence derived *The Spanish Story of the Armada*—that glorious classic which every school ought to read.

WINDSOR—CHANGED FASHIONS.—The informal royal procession through Eton and Windsor drew me back to Creevey whose account of such another procession most forcibly illustrates the change in our attitude to our royal house in a century. It was at the beginning of William IV's reign. Creevey rode down to observe the humours from Lord Sefton's house at Stoke Poges. He says: "The first carriage, *open*, contained the Queen and Betty Humbug (Landgravine of Hesse-Homburg) and Billy and Sister Gusty (William IV and Princess Augusta) opposite. . . . The next carriage . . . Mrs. Gloucester and Lady Jersey . . . little Sussex opposite. I made my reverence (to Sussex) . . . when, recognising my face, he put his head out of the window and at the full stretch of that gentle pipe of his, holloa-ed out 'Oh, you old vagabond! What the devil are you doing here?' . . . I rose in the estimation of the crowd from this . . . burst of royal familiarity." If there are any Creeveys alive now, it is not so that they write or speak of royalties. It is also with a greater dignity that royalties pass in procession among their subjects. It is an illuminating parallel, is it not?



TEST MATCH.—It's not much of a Test Match, of course, that due to start on Saturday at Lord's. The N.Zs. are a nice sporting team of average 'county' standard who have been slow in coming to form. It would not have done however to choose our side carelessly. It would be *so* like England to suffer a defeat in the first match with N.Z. So, Sir Pelham and Perrin and Higson and Holmes (with Captain Robins to supply the brass tacks) built their team carefully with an eye on 1938.

SIR JAMES BARRIE.—Sir James Barrie was taken seriously ill soon after celebrating his seventy-seventh birthday. He was born at Kirriemuir in 1860 and was of humble origin. He had a good education, as Scots boys of promise always do, at Dumfries Academy and Edinburgh University. He began to write early, to publish not so early. He was twenty-eight when his first success arrived—*Auld Licht Idylls*. Then his books came, not in floods but fairly regularly. It is an odd confession to make but . . . I could never read any of them! His plays are another story for me. In the year 1903 he had running concurrently *Quality Street*, *The Admirable Crichton*, and *Little Mary*; and *Peter Pan* (1904) joined them. Those were the years (1903–4) for Barrie and me. They brought him up to the seventh heaven of literary and dramatic lions, and me to the seventh heaven of theatre-goers. I adored *Quality Street*, revelled in *Crichton*, and was of course charmed by *Peter Pan* (with Pauline Chase to make perfection more perfect). Surely, surely, it is as playwright that he has earned his place. He is a great mystery to me. I set so little store by his books, the public so much. He was said to dread and loathe publicity, yet he has had more than his share, as much as the literary boosters get. He got in 1903 the reputation of a very shy man—a bear rather than a lion. Yet he was perpetually indulging in after-dinner speeches, wherein his whimsicality always struck me as forced, while it seemed to delight his audiences and the Press. I thought him—heaven forgive me!—a dreary, dreary speaker and a moderate writer, but a God-sent dramatist. I can never forget he gave us *Quality Street*.

THE OLD STAGER

DE VALERA ON THE HUSTINGS: The President of the Irish Free State Executive addressing a monster meeting at the base of Parnell's statue in O'Connell Street, Dublin, at the opening of the Fianna Fail party's election campaign. In his hand he is holding a draft of Ireland's new constitution planned to give the country an even greater degree of independence than hitherto, and it is on the acceptability of this that the people are to be asked to vote in a plebiscite that is to be held at the same time as, but independent of, the election proper. It will thus be possible for Mr. De Valera to be returned to power for a further term, but for his constitution to be rejected and shelved

ALL QUIET IN THE BASQUE CAMP: The Spanish refugee children at North Stoneham, near Southampton, enjoying their mid-day meal of meat, rice, and white bread last Sunday when order had been restored following the outbreak of mass hysteria that occurred on their hearing that Bilbao had fallen to Franco. The news was broken to them in the following carefully chosen words, but despite its reassuring note the youngsters immediately began demonstrating:—"We very much regret to announce that enemy troops are now in the town of Bilbao. It is perhaps a small comfort to know that many of your relatives and friends will by now be safe in Santander, and for those who remain in Bilbao there is at least not now such danger from bombs. We ask you all to remain calm and carry on your work and play in a normal way. You can rely on us to care for you and do our best for you in every way we possibly can on behalf of your parents"

THE GREAT ROUND-UP: Some of the Basque refugee children, whose epidemic of mass hysteria led to their breaking camp and running wild across the countryside after hearing the news that Bilbao had fallen, being shepherded back to North Stoneham. Many of them got as far as Chandlers Ford, the nearest town, and mingled dangerously in the heavy traffic on the Southampton-Winchester road, while others tried to board passing buses. The next day they publicly apologised for their behaviour, a deputation calling on the camp commandant, Mr. Henry Brinton. Note in this picture the youngsters making the familiar clenched fist Communist sign

THE BASQUE STRONGHOLD AT LAST IN INSURGENT HANDS: The first of General Franco's tanks to enter Bilbao after its fall, drawn up outside the city hall. The capture of the place, which has been so long delayed by reason of the stout resistance by the Basques and has involved such severe loss of life, brings to an end yet another phase of the Civil War the close of which is still far from being in sight. Following this success the victorious troops concentrated on their next objective, Santander

WAITING FOR FRANCO'S MEN: Citizens of Bilbao—presumably those of rebel sympathies—crowding the Gran Via in readiness to accord a greeting to the victorious army which reached the city on Saturday, June 19 at the end of the last desperate nine-day offensive. The occupation was conducted in such a way as to indicate that the Basques had nothing to fear, while a spirit of goodwill was promoted by General Franco's gesture in sending shiploads of provisions from neighbouring San Sebastian

FRANCO'S REFUGEE CAMP: Here, on the outskirts of Bilbao, certain Basque militiamen who changed their allegiance from the Government during the long-drawn out struggle for the city, are at present taking up their quarters with civilian refugees and escaped political prisoners

BILBAO FALLS TO FRANCO—

THE "MONROE DOCTRINE"! Armed with iron piping, bricks, and other weapons, these grim-faced women stood in the picket-line outside the Newton Steel Works at Monroe, Michigan, ready to do their utmost to prevent the re-opening of the plant by a group of workers who had voted to break the strike and resume their jobs. This is only one aspect of the U.S. steel strike situation, which at the beginning of this week involved 70,000 men in seven States of the Union and was causing grave disquietude throughout the country

MORE VIOLENCE: A clash between union pickets and a non-striker attempting to gain admittance to the Bethlehem Steel Corporation's Cambria Mill at Johnstown, Pennsylvania, another industrial centre in the United States where strike action has paralysed business and many people have been injured in the fighting

PUT TO ROUT: The dramatic scene at Monroe, Michigan, as non-strikers chased the union pickets across country after dislodging them from the road leading to the Republican steel plant

U.S.A. STRIKES—

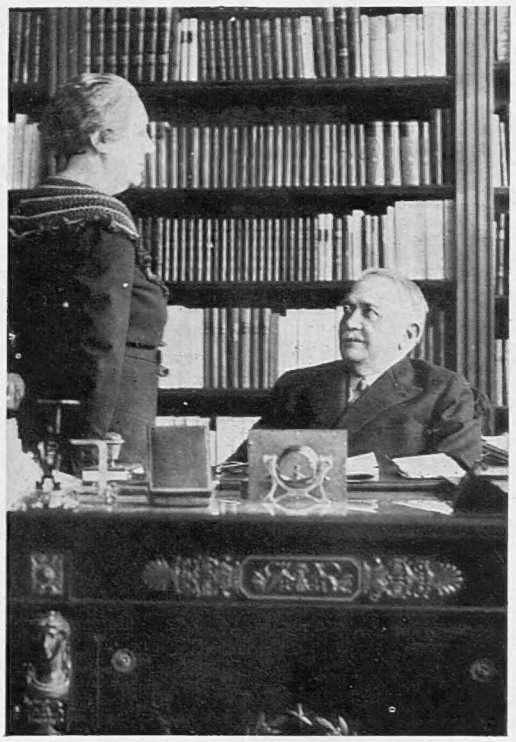
KING BORIS ACKNOWLEDGES THE OVATION: The Bulgarian monarch standing on the balcony of the Royal Palace, Sofia, where he was acclaimed by a vast crowd after his wife, Queen Joanna, daughter of the King and Queen of Italy, had given birth to a son and heir to the throne who is to be styled Simeon, Prince of Tyrnovo. In honour of the occasion more than 100,000 citizens marched in procession through the palace grounds, there was a salute of 101 guns, a three-day holiday was declared and an amnesty granted to prisoners

A BIG DAY FOR THE MOUNTED POLICE who had the task of controlling the immense throng that gathered outside the Royal Palace at Sofia following the birth of the Prince of Tyrnovo. The event was of immense importance in that Queen Joanna's first child, a girl, had no right of succession to the throne under Bulgarian law

HIGH SPIRITS IN BULGARIA'S CAPITAL: Citizens wearing national costumes and dancing in Sofia following the announcement of the royal birth which has caused such nation-wide satisfaction

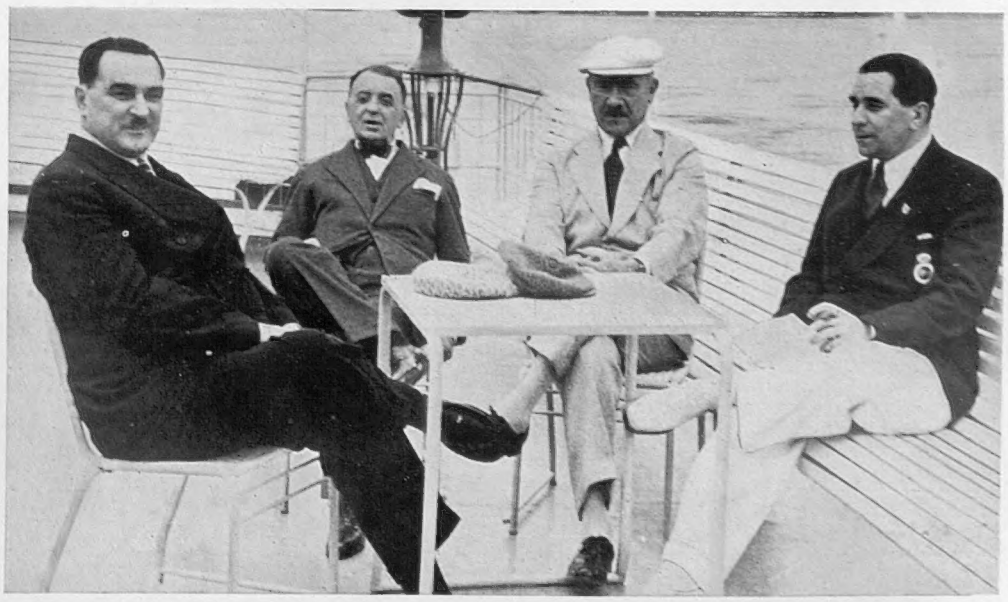
SOFIA REJOICES —

LONDON'S LORD MAYOR IN PARIS: Sir George Broadbridge and Lady Broadbridge watched by a large crowd as they were greeted by civic dignitaries outside the Hôtel de Ville where they attended a reception on the day after their arrival in the city. The main purpose of the visit to the French capital was to open the British Pavilion at the International Exhibition. They took with them their semi-state coach



AN "ELDER STATESMAN" PASSES: M. Gaston Doumergue, a former President of the French Republic, a former Premier, and the holder of many Cabinet posts in a long career, died last week at the age of seventy-three. His dignity and impartiality made him a revered figure

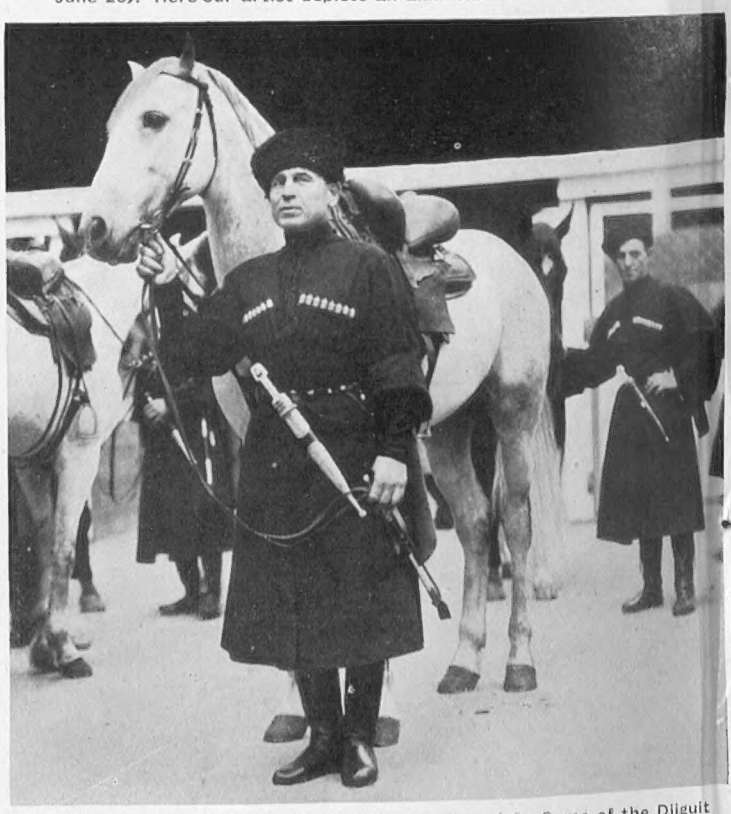
"IL FAIT CHAUD TEMPS"! M. Camille Chautemps surrounded by reporters as he left the Elysée Palace after being charged by M. Lebrun, the President of the French Republic, with the task of forming a new government following the resignation of M. Léon Blum



LITTLE ENTENTE MINISTERS CONFER: M. Stoyadinovitch, the Yugoslavian Premier, M. Antonescu, the Rumanian Foreign Minister, Dr. Hodza, the Czechoslovakian Premier, and M. Tatarescu, the Rumanian Premier, seen together on board the steamship *King Carol* on the Danube, near Bucharest, where they met a few days ago in order to discuss the mutual welfare of their respective countries

POLITICS AND POLITESSE —

INDOOR POLO AT OLYMPIA: This feature of the International Horse Show, which was first introduced into the programme in 1935, has been proving as popular as ever this year, and there is sure to be a big attendance at the final which was arranged for this evening (Saturday, June 26). Here our artist depicts an animated scene between chukkas



HORSEMANSHIP AT ITS FINEST: *Above and on left*—Some of the Djiguit Cossacks whose dashing performances at the Olympia Horse Show have been arousing such enthusiasm. It is a wonderful sight to see them as, with flashing eyes, they gallop madly up and down the arena

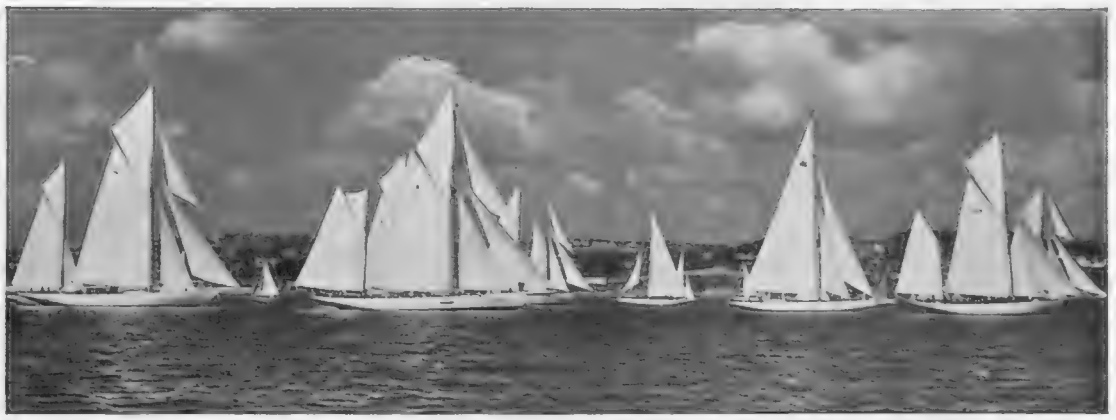
SOCIAL ROUND

Drawn for "The Sphere" by Hookway Cowles

as fashionably clad spectators mingle with the riders and ponies at the entrance to the great arena. Though polo is naturally not at its best when played indoors, shorn as it is of all the charm of green lawns, those who have seen it will readily admit that it is thoroughly exhilarating as a spectacle

"I HOPE I AM DOING IT RIGHT," said Gracie Fields as she set to work with a will laying the foundation stone of the new Prince of Wales Theatre which is now in course of building on the same site as its predecessor, near Leicester Square. Gracie, who was at the top of her form, used the best part of a bucketful of mortar

THE KING PLANTS AN OAK: His Majesty putting in the first of the sixty trees in Windsor Great Park which are to form a Coronation Memorial Grove. The other oaks, each symbolic of a part of the Empire, were planted by various Imperial notabilities and, interestingly enough, they have been placed in positions more or less corresponding to actual geographical relationship



LIGHT AIRS AT TORQUAY'S CORONATION REGATTA: A. S. L. Young's winning entrant, *Theudara* (left), with other competitors at the start of the race for cruisers of over 75 tons. The racing was far from spectacular on account of the lack of breeze, but throughout the day vantage points round Torbay were thronged

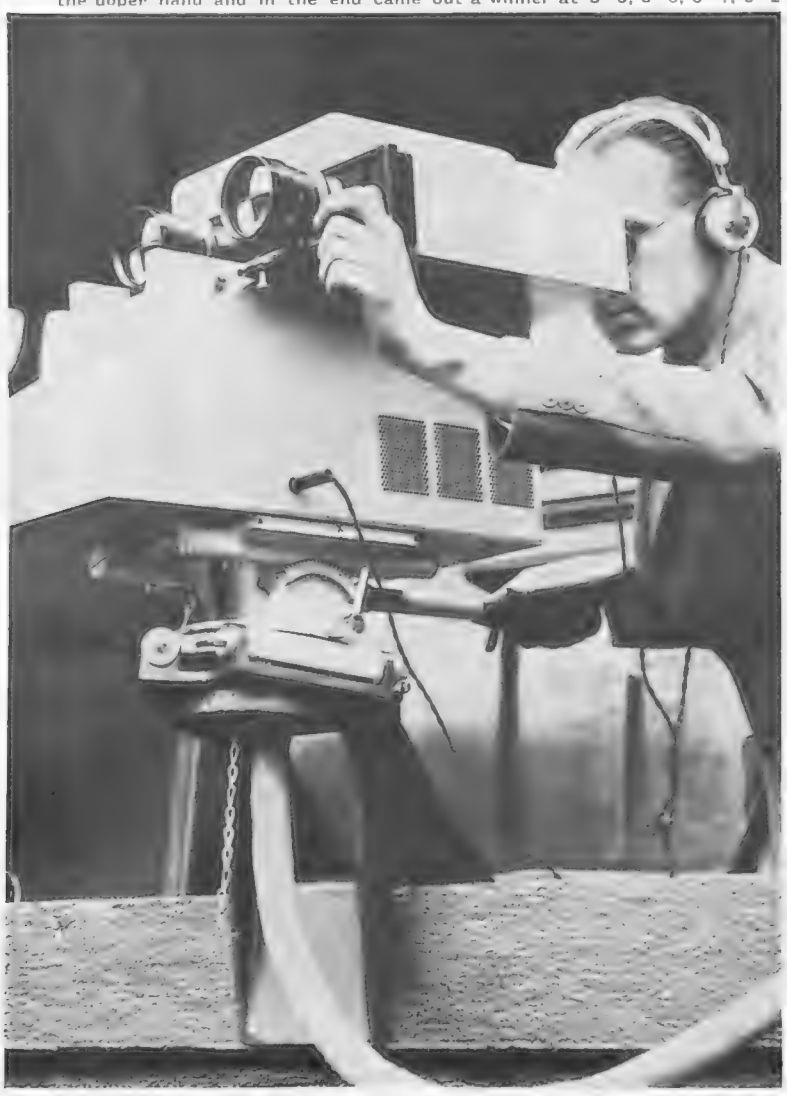
RICHARD WAGNER'S GRANDDAUGHTER HEARS "TRISTAN AND ISOLDE": Friedelind Wagner pictured at Covent Garden last week when she attended the first performance of the season of her grandfather's great opera

"OEDIPUS TYRANNUS" IN BRADFIELD'S OPEN-AIR THEATRE: A picture taken during the production of the mighty drama by Sophocles which was given by the boys before the usually large throng of parents and visitors. "The conditions were perfect for listening to great poetry," says *The Times* report, "save for one distressing instant when a motor cycle without a silencer roared by just outside"

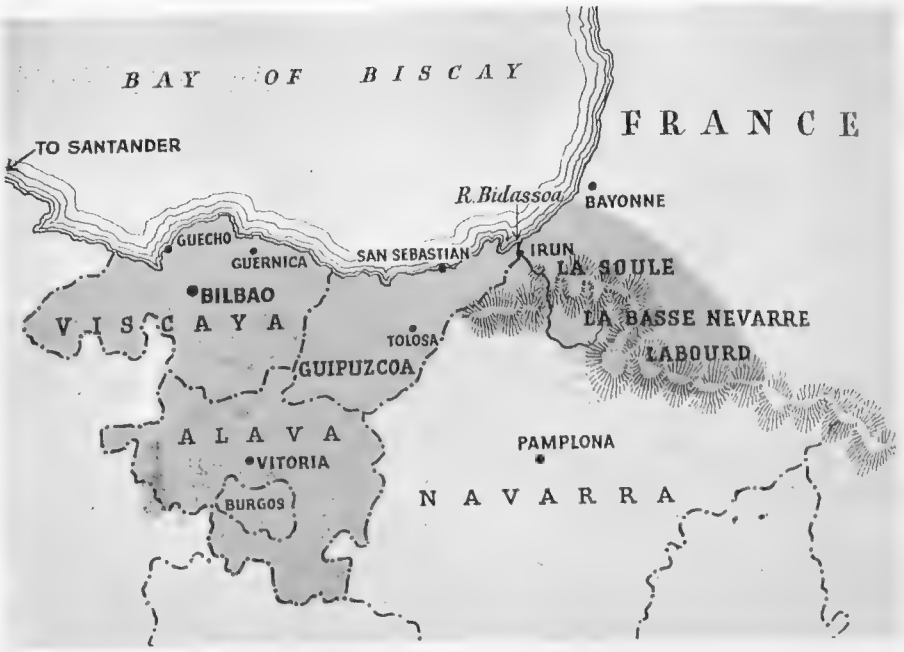
WIMBLEDON OPENS WITH A NEEDLE MATCH

H. W. Austin and Lyttleton Rogers Provide Bright Centre Court Fare

SETTING THE BALL ROLLING: H. W. Austin, Britain's No. 1, and his 6 ft. 7 ins. opponent, Lyttleton Rogers of Ireland, two players who are strongly contrasted physically, coming out to play in the first match in the Coronation Year Lawn Tennis Championships which opened at Wimbledon last Monday in fine weather. The first two sets were thrilling in the extreme, the Irishman attacking strongly and successfully to gain the first and go on to 5—3 in the second by a brilliant exhibition of all-round play. Austin then began to get the upper hand and in the end came out a winner at 3—6, 8—6, 6—1, 6—2



A THRILL FOR "VIEWERS": Television apparatus in action at the Lawn Tennis Championships which this year are being televised for the first time



WHERE THE REBELS HAVE GAINED THEIR GREATEST AND HARDEST-EARNED VICTORIES: A sketch map of the northern theatre of the Spanish Civil War, showing the relationship of Bilbao, the latest city to fall into rebel hands, San Sebastian, and Irun, to the insurgent capital at Burgos. The greater part of this northern area is now controlled by Franco. The shaded area indicates Basque territory in Spain and in France

Organised Labour Dictates, And Capital Obeys

The Extraordinary Situation Developing in United States Industry

HOWEVER fantastic it may sound to British ears, the question of whether property rights are to survive in the United States is highly debatable.

The problem was well posed by the recent strike of the workers of the Republic Steel Company in Youngstown, Ohio, which operates plants in several States. At that time, the company pointed out that its wages are as high as those paid by the United States Steel Corporation in its agreement with the C.I.O. (Committee for Industrial Organisation), and that it observes the forty-hour week as demanded by the Roosevelt administration. It added the charge that there was no reason for calling a strike of the workers in its plant except to further the personal ambitions of the C.I.O. leaders, including John L. Lewis.

This strike, which was called on May 27, has been in some respects the most serious of all of the strikes with which the United States is now beleaguered. Five strikers were killed in two battles at the Republic's south-side plant in Chicago on May 30 and May 31. A total of 41 strikers and 22 policemen were in the hospital after the battle between 1,500 strikers and 500 policemen. 37 strikers and 6 policemen were treated and discharged and 36 strikers were placed under arrest.

The Baltimore and Ohio, Pennsylvania, and Erie railroads have been forced to petition the Federal Court in Cleveland, Ohio, for an injunction restraining strikers from destroying their tracks, threatening train crews, and generally interfering with their operations in the steel mill areas.

On the other hand, strikers charged in police court in Cleveland that the Republic was operating an airport without a permit; and a member of the C.I.O., suing as a stockholder, charged in the county court that Republic had spent illegally 1,000,000 dollars of stockholders' money for ammunition, and had conspired to violate the Wagner Labor Relations Act.

But the details could be multiplied without end. Important is the fact that developments are pointing to the day when the man who owns property cannot control it, but the men whom he employs can. The following analysis will, I believe, support this contention.

It does not even begin to cover the whole field of industrial unrest in the United States; but it is truly representative of the situation as a whole, and in its details; and it raises the very serious question of whether any man in the United States to-day is secure in his title to such property as he may have accumulated. There is nothing that has occurred so far, to indicate that the Government would frown if servants in a private dwelling were to stage a "sit-down" strike and lock out the owner.

Another sign of the times is to be found in the fact that the du Ponts, recently connected with the Roosevelts by marriage, have announced an 8 per cent. increase in their rayon mills in Richmond, Virginia. The Liggett and Myers Tobacco Company has announced an increase, although no tobacco strike has been threatened. The Chino Copper Company has announced a 5 per cent. increase in its New Mexico mines. It is planned to increase the wages of 300,000 workers throughout the notoriously underpaid south. But the strikes are still spreading. Labour's object is no longer to improve its condition but to assume control.

Basic to the situation is a curiously abortive theory of labour in the United States that is not generally known, and that is that there is only a certain amount of work to be done, and that there never will be more than a certain amount of work to be done. Organised labour therefore demands the right to do all of the work and, at the same time, to admit to its ranks only those whom it chooses to admit.

The upshot of the matter is that organised labour, a private group, which insists on functioning as a private group, proposes in the first instance that its members alone shall be allowed to work for a living, and, in the second instance, as a private group, to dictate to the whole country, both politically and economically.

This is not an exaggerated statement, and it will be clear that if the present program is successful there will be no security of private property in the United States.

Nelson Springer

LORD SOUTHWOOD OF FERNHURST: This is the title taken by Mr. J. S. Elias, the noted Fleet Street figure, who was granted a barony in the Coronation Honours List. The names Southwood and Fernhurst are links with his London home at Highgate and his country residence

A GALA DAY *in the* ISLE *of* MAN: Old Catton's New Sign, and Canterbury's Restored Gateway

BAPTISM BY THE SEA: The scene in Peel Harbour as Lady Butler, wife of Sir Montagu Sherard Butler, Lieut.-Governor of the Isle of Man and President of the Tynwald, christened several new trawlers which were gaily decorated for the occasion. This was her last official appearance on the Island's west coast, as her husband is now relinquishing his position after four years of office. In the background are the ruins of Peel Castle, mainly built by the Earl of Derby in 1593, and celebrated through the works of Scott and Wordsworth

A NOVEL VILLAGE SIGN has recently been presented by a local resident to Old Catton, near Norwich, and erected on the green at the junction of Church St. and St. Faith's Road. The sign, which bears the figure of a cat seated on a tun, is, of course, a simple play on the second word of the village's name

On left — THE RESTORATION OF CHRIST CHURCH GATEWAY: The famous Canterbury building as it appears with its new turrets which have been put in place of those formerly existing and were dedicated on June 19 by the Bishop of Chichester. The new and the old work harmonise very well

"L'AFFAIRE FROGÉ"

A Counterpart of the Dreyfus Case that may Divide France into Two Camps

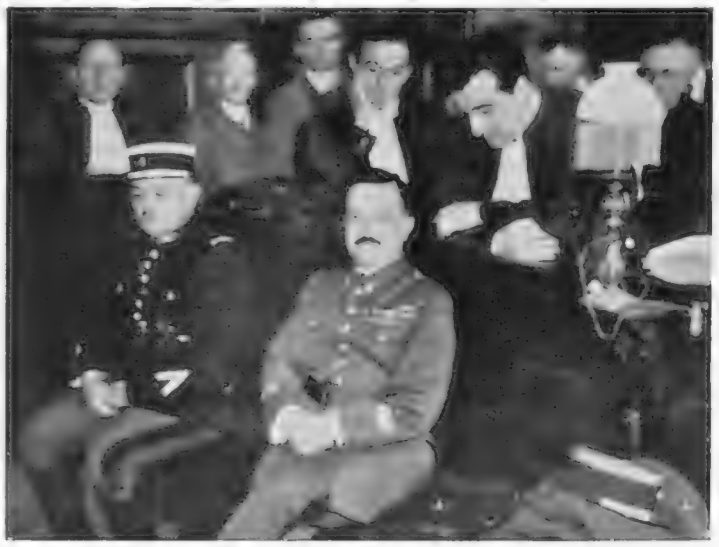
BY FERDINAND TUOHY

"LE SCANDALE FROGE": A poster in the streets of Belfort announcing a public meeting at which Christian Frogé, brother of the accused French officer, attempted to expose the weakness of the charges made against Captain Georges Frogé

IN times more normal, less governed by the continuous string of shocks great or small that have become our daily portion and regime, it is fair to assume that "l'Affaire Frogé" must have been hailed before now as a worthy successor to the affair of forty years ago that shook France to her foundations, and held the Western world by its supremely dramatic struggle of the forces of good against those of evil.

Georges Frogé, ex-captain, has at present reached the stage of ex-Captain Dreyfus, on the latter's return from Devil's Island and subsequent liberation, but still as a guilty man, in 1899—five years after the fateful morning when the brilliant but unpopular young Jewish staff officer was ordered to report in mufti at the Paris War Ministry, *piano* opening of one of the world's greatest and most enduring causes célèbres.

It is five years, also, since suspicion first began to settle upon former Captain Frogé who had been appointed in 1931 to the Q.M.G. staff at Belfort—equivalent, shall we say, of an R.A.S.C. Major on the staff at Colchester. Temptation is strong to persist with the Dreyfus comparison, yet this might only confuse an already difficult story, while one rather imagines the resembling points can safely be left to the reader as they emerge.



THE MODERN DREYFUS? Captain Georges Frogé in the court-room at Belfort, where he stood his first trial in 1934, receiving a sentence of five years' imprisonment, which was later increased and then partly remitted

Son of an army officer and brother of two serving professional soldiers and a sailor, Georges Frogé was twenty in 1914 but was twice turned down for health reasons prior to being accepted for the infantry with which he saw continuous service from Joffre's major Champagne "nibble" of September, 1915, until Armistice, during which span the young man was given a commission, at Verdun, twice mentioned, twice wounded. But his proudest honour was that of being chosen to bear the regimental colours under the Arc de Triomphe at the Victory parade of July, 1919.

As lieutenant Frogé entered St. Cyr whence he elected to go to Morocco, but his frail constitution brought him back in 1923 and he became a professor at the St. Maixent military college. Aged thirty-four, in 1928, he was promoted captain, the second youngest of his seniority, and three years later, having passed the necessary staff course, Frogé's path took him across France to Belfort, vital fortress that alone held out in 1871.

Frogé had married in 1924 and he has two children. From 1927 onwards (it is not denied) he gambled relatively heavily in stocks as, indeed, nearly all French people were doing at the time. He contracted loans, the extent of which is disputed; he relieved his mother-in-law, according to a French husband's rights, of 60,000 francs left to his wife by her father.

Thus, Captain Frogé came to Belfort where he took up modest quarters with his family, and worked daily in the Directorate of Supplies for the region. His brother, Major Christian Frogé, told THE SPHERE that the newcomer soon got into the bad books of his superiors by trying to put order into a chaotic office state of affairs. Over-zealous. Not a good "mixer."

Frogé continued to "play the stockmarkets," and for this purpose periodically got brief leave to visit Paris. Meanwhile Belfort was the scene of successive espionage scares. I well remember reading at one stage that the local mobilisation plans had had to be altered three times over because copies had been found to be missing. When did Frogé's superior officers, Majors Alexander and Deranque, become suspicious of their busybody, gambling junior? There is no knowing as yet, because Frogé's two trials to date have been held *in camera*. But a definite date can be given as "kick-off" to the case—October 20, 1932—when a double agent, said to be in the pay of both Germany and France, Gessmann by name, Austrian deserter, professor at a Paris boys' school, and "indicator" to the Sûreté Nationale, informed the latter that he held damning evidence against Frogé. Gessmann's story was that in his capacity as German receiving "letter-box," he received two letters from a German agent named Gebracht, of Frankfurt, for forwarding to Frogé. Such letters were subsequently found to have been signed for (as registered) at Belfort H.Q., though Frogé swears that he did not receive them.

From now on Inspector Oswald of the Sûreté closely watched Frogé. On January 14, 1933, Gessmann called with further startling news. Still acting as "letter-box," he said he had received from Belfort a letter for forwarding to "Keh," pseudonym for Kohler, a German agent in Wiesbaden, and that this letter, signed "Albert," and asking for "chocolates" (money?), emanated from Frogé in reply to a request for certain information, addressed to him a fortnight before.

Again Frogé denies having written this "Albert" letter.

Professor Locard, of the Lyon police laboratory, testified that the writing was his.

On February 3, while Frogé was on one of his quick Paris leaves, Gessmann forwarded another letter allegedly from "Keh" to Frogé, addressed to the latter's official bureau. Before going to Paris, Captain Frogé told his clerk to accept no registered letters addressed in his name. But Major Alexander, whose suspicions had been roused not only by Inspector Oswald but by the disappearance of a highly secret memorandum on how to defend Belfort against any Communist uprising in the event of war, saw that Frogé duly opened, in his (Alexander's) presence, the registered missive that had arrived addressed to him, in his absence. In the result, Frogé was suspended, and some weeks later, charged. A black matter against him was the statement of Major Deranque: "Profiting by my being on leave, Frogé demanded, without any authorisation, confidential mobilisation details from the seventh region. Here are the two letters that he sent."

The accused officer's attitude to all this may perhaps be written down as: "These letters were devised and sent to trap me. To suit its wheels within wheels, the Deuxième Bureau (Intelligence) decided to sacrifice me. As for my superiors, they know the disorder and lack of control of their services were notorious. As just one example, it was actually I who reported the Communist 'plan' to be missing, but my superiors demurred from informing the Sûreté because it was only a copy that was missing—and they had no right to have one!"

As sketched up to this point, Frogé's case looks pretty delicate? Maybe so, yet it requires to be borne in mind that traps *can* be laid for unpopular or perhaps otherwise de trop officers, as the historic "bordereau" proved for all time, in the Dreyfus case. One simply must go gingerly . . .

We are now in the spring of 1933 and the serving brothers Frogé have made a proper stink (pardon) at the mere thought of one of the family, and an officer "of career," being suspected as a traitor. "The honour of all professional French officers demands" etc., etc. In that weird French way, even while the case was *sub judice*, Majors Christian and Jean Frogé went round haranguing meetings, writing articles. The first even got three months "avec sursis" (cautionary sentence not to be served) for biffing somebody. But this is to anticipate, and with this story it behoves to remain strictly chronological.

In early 1934, while Frogé was awaiting trial, and while—so his brothers and other champions allege—the case against him was sagging, if only on account of the deplorable antecedents of the chief witness, the "wrong'un" Gessmann, a Pole arrested at Nice under the name of Tworyth was found in reality to be a former Polish major who had had to leave Poland for embezzling the regimental funds, and who later worked as a Franco-German double agent, now in France, now in Germany, under the styles of Sybert, Skudelny, and Krauss. As Krauss, the Sûreté now produced him, and with what a positive machine-gunning of charges against Frogé! (Krauss later said he was told he'd be let off, and, above all, not be extradited to Poland, if he "came clear," which he certainly did, in so far as piling charges on Frogé was concerned.)

Krauss was the star turn at the first trial, held at Belfort, in November, 1934. It is important to note that this was held before the equivalent to a magistrate's court, sitting secretly. The accused's insistent demand that he be tried by a military court, which could have sent him for life to Devil's Isle, or, failing that, by a court of assize with jury, was refused on the queer ground that he had not acted the traitor in order to harm his country, but only to profit materially . . . the former being a crime, the latter, only an offence . . . and some do still insist the law isn't an ass . . .

That "sitting secretly" has, furthermore, to be examined. Accredited journalists were pushed out into the corridor at the last moment, but a committee of ex-combatants was admitted throughout, to see that all was fair and above board; which committee, at the close, but before the bench had announced its decision, issued a manifesto saying, in as many words, that the traitor Frogé was going to get what was coming to him. Whereupon, of course, most things that had come out in court also proceeded to trickle out via the newspapers. Interview with ex-combatant X. Interview with ex-combatant Y.

In the witness-box Krauss withstood all assaults on the veracity of his revelations which were that he had paid Frogé 150,000 francs for information on a dozen different heads. The thing had begun at St. Maixent, in April, 1931. He had twice visited Frogé at Belfort, once keeping a rendezvous in a public garden and a second time in Frogé's apartment, the contents of whose living-room he was able to describe in detail. The Court upheld evidence only in the case of four documents alleged to have been divulged by Frogé. Three of these reposed in Major Deranque's and Frogé's joint lock-up cabinet and related to mobilisable units, measures preparatory to mobilisation and orders in relation to the "plan of alert," and shortages of material in certain units. The fourth divulgation concerned very secret manœuvres held round Mulhouse, and attended by Frogé. The Court made a capital point of Krauss's knowledge that the accused had been at these manœuvres, holding that the Pole could only have known this through Frogé himself.

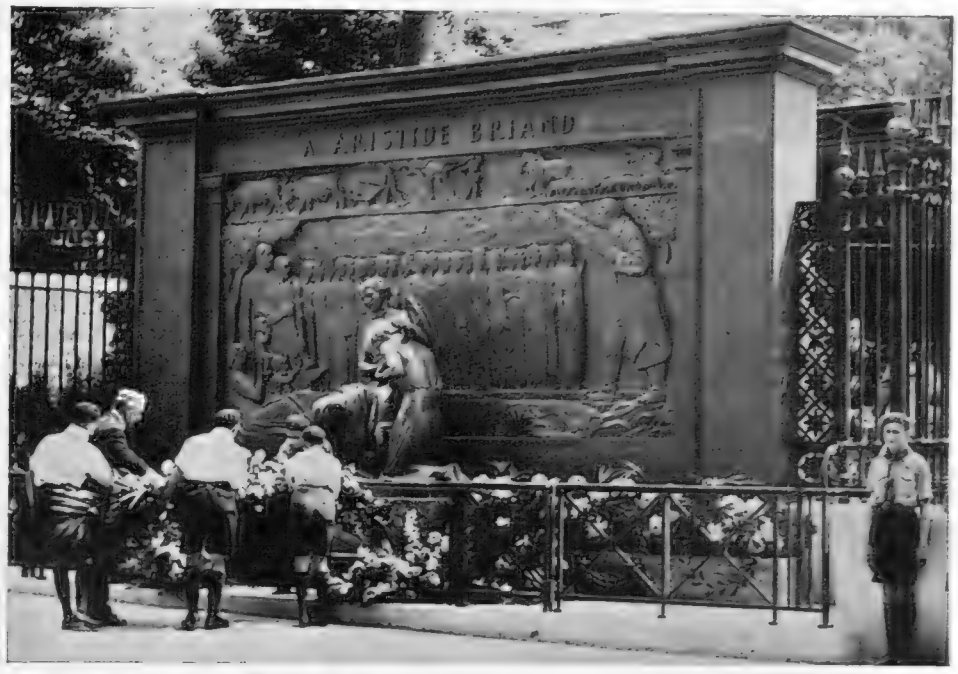
ANXIOUS DAYS: Ex-Captain Frogé in the garden of his brother's home near Paris, where, following the remission of his prison sentence, he is virtually held a prisoner

To all of which the hemmed-in prisoner replied by professing a complete ignorance

(*Cont. on p.* 682)

FROM TWO CONTINENTS

A Pictorial Record of Recent Events in Europe and the United States



TWO MONUMENTS TO FRANCE'S APOSTLE OF PEACE: *Left*—The sculpture of Aristide Briand, twelve times Premier of his country and believer in the ideal of a United States of Europe, which was unveiled a few days ago at Ostreham-Riva Bella, in the Calvados department. The portraiture is distinctly life-like, but the huddled attitude of the figure is far from impressive. *Right*—This new bas-relief, also in Briand's memory, stands in the grounds of the Foreign Ministry, Paris, and has just been unveiled by President Lebrun

ITALY MOURNS: The bodies of victims of the Italian ship *Barletta*, which was recently torpedoed off Majorca, being driven in lorries and escorted by sailors in the funeral procession after disembarkation from the *Bolzano* in Naples harbour. "All will be avenged" says Mussolini

AN HISTORIC SIEGE RECALLED: Citizens of Bernau, a town near Berlin, clad in fifteenth-century costumes as they took part in the annual procession commemorating the gallant defence put up by the inhabitants in 1432 against the attacking forces of the fanatical Hussites

On left—MIDDIES NO LONGER: Members of the Summer Graduating Class at the United States Naval Academy, Annapolis, celebrating their graduation in the traditional fashion by tossing their caps high in the air and in the direction of the spectators who struggle good-humouredly for these trophies of the day. The Middies now assume the rank and uniform of Ensign

A KISS FOR A POTENTIAL ADMIRAL: Ensign C. L. Browning, of Kentucky, is warmly congratulated by his sweetheart after receiving his diploma on graduation day at the United States Naval Academy, Annapolis

BASQUE SEPARATISTS AND

WATCHING AND WAITING: Basque soldiers keeping a look-out on Mount Solluve for the approach of General Franco's bombing planes, which day after day attacked their positions so hotly that they were compelled at length to retreat south-west towards Bilbao. In his steady advance General Franco made every possible use of his air force, thus considerably lessening the task of the infantrymen, losses among whom he could ill afford to sustain without endangering his cause

ENTRENCHED ON MOUNT SOLLUVE: Members of the "Ceinture de Fer," one of the crack Basque battalions, who were driven from this point some days ago by a combined aeroplane and artillery attack followed by a determined rebel advance up the slopes. It was this penetration at several points of the so-called "girdle of steel," that paved the way for Franco's advance to the gates of Bilbao

THE Basque country consists of five provinces, Alava, Vizcaya (Biscay) and Guipuzcoa in Spain, and Bayonne and Mauleon in France. The Basques number about a million, of whom roughly one fifth inhabit the French provinces. The great bulk of the rest live in the two coastal provinces, Biscay and Guipuzcoa, where the land is rich and well cultivated, and industry thrives on the abundance of water-power.

The history of the Basque provinces is a record of the determined efforts of the people to preserve their independence. Backed by the rugged nature of their country, they aided the remnants of the Visigoths to stem the tide of the Moorish invasion, or beat back the Franks who entered Spain from the north. The incorporation of the provinces with Léon and Navarre, and afterwards with Castile (1202), was not accomplished until their *fueros*, or special privileges, had been solemnly ratified. These *fueros*, of which we possess a list (for Vizcaya) dating from 1342, provided for immunity from taxes and

'WARE BOMBERS: A Basque signalman on one of the hills round Bilbao using a flag to warn headquarters of the approach of enemy machines whose almost daily raids could not be countered on account of the almost total absence of aeroplanes on the Government side in this sector

Russian BA10/32

A HOME-MADE ARMOURED CAR: One of the hastily put together machines insurgents, who, in the northern campaign, have been much better supplied

ASTURIAN MINERS WHO COMBINED TO DEFEND BILBAO

Types of Combatants in One of the Bitterest Struggles of the Civil War

military service. They survived all the storms of the ages until the Carlist sympathies of the Basques in our own times brought disaster in their train. In 1876, on the conclusion of the second war, the victorious Alfonso XII abrogated almost the whole of the *fueros*, forcing the provinces to submit to the hated *quinta*, or compulsory military service.

The Basques, who call themselves Euskaldunac and are called Vascongados by the Spaniards, claim proudly that they are the oldest race in Europe; and, as a matter of fact, they are the only and almost unmixed descendants of the pre-Aryan aborigines of the Iberian peninsula. The Basque language, which is wholly unintelligible to the modern Spaniard, is still spoken by about 500,000 persons, including 130,000 in France, and in recent years there has been a popular movement for its cultivation and protection against the encroachments of Spanish.

It is a great cider country and the apple is a characteristic tree there. Owing to an annual rainfall of some 40 ins. minimum, the country is always green and generally well wooded.

The Basque country is the most heavily populated in the world, considerably exceeding Belgium in that respect. It produces about 1,500,000 tons of iron ore per annum for which the United Kingdom is by far the largest customer. Its reputation for steel is older than that of Toledo, and the little town of Eibar recently burnt out was famous for steelwork inlaid with gold.

The Basques are an athletic people, fond of games. Their national game of pelota is one of the fastest and most skilful of games. They still continue to wear their national costume, of which the big beret is the outstanding feature. They were generally assimilated into Spain after the defeat of the Carlists, which ended the Carlist wars in 1876.

General Franco's "Requetés," sometimes called his "Carlists" are very largely composed of Basques, and wear the scarlet Basque beret. The Basques I have recently met fighting for Franco, seemed to be even more bitter than the Spaniards against their home-rule countrymen. Both are ardent Catholics and the former are particularly enraged against those priests who have been instrumental in bringing the Separatists and the anarchist miners together for the purpose of the present war.

Cecil Gerahty

FRANCO'S DEADLIEST OPPONENTS: A battalion of Asturian miners armed with picks and shovels as they arrived in Bilbao to assist in the defence of the town and in the digging of new trenches. These men, who represent the big Anarchist element on the Government side, have played a conspicuous part in the war, and their work with dynamite in Oviedo, Irun, and Toledo was characterised by quite astonishing skill and pitiless ruthlessness

...used by the Basques against the infinitely superior modern war equipment of the ...than their opponents, with weapons for the most part of German and Italian origin

HIS ONLY WEAPON: The Asturian miner has no use for machine gun, rifle, or revolver, relying instead on the deadly efficiency of his hand bombs, which he hurls at the enemy with the primitive "sling of David", attaining a remarkable accuracy of fire. The destruction wrought with dynamite during the past eleven months must be very great

FIELD MASS ON THE BASQUE FRONT

Devout Militiamen Attending a Sunday Morning Service in a Farmyard

FIVE HUNDRED YARDS FROM THE FIRING LINE: A Sunday morning mass in progress outside a farmhouse on the Bilbao front; a service attended by Basque Catholics who are among the most devout of Spain's people, yet strangely enough are fighting in company with anarchists, syndicalists, and other Government supporters whose ruthless attitude towards church property has contributed in large measure to the horrors of the Civil War. Masses have been held only at very infrequent intervals during the present campaign in the north, for lulls in the fighting have been decidedly few and far between

FARMYARD AS VESTRY: The priest adjusting his surplice on arrival to conduct the service, arrangements for which have to be made very hurriedly

IMPROVISED SACRARIUM: Basque soldiers preparing for the service in the open by converting a farmhouse table into an altar. *On right*—This musically-minded militia man accompanied the singing with drum and flageolet

THE FAITHFUL FORGATHER: *Above*—The "church" plate on a chair beside the altar. *Right*—Militiamen kneeling behind the priest as he conducted the service. What must be the burden of their thoughts on such an occasion is not difficult to conjure up, facing as they are the occupation of a land they hold intensely dear, and encroachment on which their ancestors resisted with a stubborn tenacity borne of a spirit of ardent nationalism and patriotism

BLUM'S LIEUTENANTS

Some Notable Members of the Defeated Popular Front Ministry

DEFENDER OF THE FRANC: M. Vincent Auriol, M. Blum's able Minister of Finance, had to his credit the formulation of the French Government's financial programme which was designed to ease the country's critical economic situation and which was approved by the Chamber but later defeated in the Senate, thus causing the Ministry's fall. M. Auriol, who was born at Revel, Haute Garonne, in 1884, and was trained as a lawyer, has had a somewhat dramatic career and, though many believed in 1920 that he had committed political suicide by refusing to follow the majority of his party in its adherence to the Communist International, he soon re-emerged. One of his most important actions in the late administration was to introduce a Bill modifying the status of the Bank of France

On Left—BENEATH THE PORTRAIT OF MICHEL DE L'HOSPITAL: M. Marc Rucart, Minister of Justice, looks up at that great Councillor of France who played such a part in the days of the all-powerful Queen Regent, Catherine de Medici. M. Rucart, who is in his forty-fifth year and well below the average age of French Cabinet Ministers, has had a short but brilliant career as a Deputy. He came into prominence in 1934 when he was appointed to the Commission of Inquiry following the Bayonne frauds and the Stavisky riots

THE MINISTER OF MARINE: M. Gasnier-Duparc comes from Brittany and is one of the many men who have graduated to high political office via the legal profession. His task has of late been one of more than ordinary importance as France, in common with Great Britain, is going full speed ahead with a heavy naval rebuilding programme

INSCRUTABILITY: M. Marius Moutet, Minister of the Colonies, gazes on a fine statue of the Buddha adorning his Ministry. M. Moutet, who hails from Nimes where he first came into prominence as a member of the legal profession, entered Parliament in 1914 and held his seat until the elections of 1928 when France experienced a swing to the "Right." Four years later he staged a come-back and has since been a more prominent figure than ever in the councils of the Socialist party

HOLDER OF A NOVEL POST: Ministries of Sport, which are so much a sign of the times, now exist in several European countries and under Blum France had an Under-Secretary engaged in this work of promoting national physical fitness. He is 37-year-old Leo Lagrange, a comparative newcomer to politics and one of M. Blum's youngest lieutenants. His constituency is the Nord, most socialistically minded of Departments

THE PRICE BAROMETER RISES: When this Adam marquetry cabinet recently sold for 1,000 guineas after some spirited bidding at Christie's saleroom, the deal caused great satisfaction among antique dealers, evidencing, as it did, a big revival in prices for period furniture

Antique Dealers Smile Once More

As America Re-enters the Market She Quitted in the Slump

By CHARLES GRAVES

FOR the first time in seven years antique dealers are beginning to smile faintly again. Not since 1929 has there been such an appreciable and continuous sale of antiques to the United States. In Hollywood there is a growing fashion for would-be Georgian houses and real Georgian furniture. Two of the leading interior decorators in Hollywood have been over here recently, buying sets of dining-room chairs as well as sideboards and commodes for film stars. In New York and other cities rich people who have not been affected by the recent strikes are buying antique furniture.

A point to notice in regard to this is that anything over 100 years old is supposed to enter the United States duty free. Actually the experts at the Customs over there are a law unto themselves and seldom seem to accept anything as being a genuine antique made later than 1810. Even when individual pieces of furniture are provided with histories to prove their age the latter is still denied and the 40 per cent. duty is clapped on. By rights, any furniture of the William IV. period should be able to be imported tax free, but it is not, and that is all there is to it. There is no appeal from the decision of the Customs, and, moreover, if you are thought to be faking the age of the furniture sent over, a substantial fine is likely to be inflicted.

Another reason for the slowly increasing cheerfulness of antique dealers is the present vogue for Regency furniture. Many rich people have recently bought houses round Regent's Park and have decided to have them furnished in their original style. Connoisseurs do not admire Regency furniture much. It is all the more fortunate, therefore, for the antique dealers that there are many rich patrons who do. Pairs of console tables, mirrors, cabinets, and chairs all find ready sales, therefore. Another reason for the smile on the face of the antique dealer is that an increasing number of people have awakened to the fact that they can buy old bedroom furniture—chests of drawers and so forth—more cheaply from antique dealers than they can from modern stores. What is more, the latter is not necessarily going to last so long as the old-fashioned variety. As for the design, this is a matter of taste, which is usually not in favour of the new furniture.

In London alone there are at least 300 members in the Antique Dealers Association. The most important firms are Mallet, Frank Partridge, Moss, Harris and Sons, Botibol, Spink, and Owen Evan Thomas. Such firms have to have a very considerable "float" running into several thousands of pounds to enable them to have a fine stock of furniture available at any given minute. Even a medium sized firm needs to be able to have £5,000 in reserve.

Yesterday I spent the morning with the head of a small but important firm, and put to him a number of fairly searching questions. He told me that in a good week he would have a turnover of £500, where £100 would be bad business. He added that he reckons on a profit, per transaction, of 33⅓ per cent. "Sometimes we actually lose on sales, but if we find ourselves over-stocked this cannot be helped. It is not often that we buy back at an enhanced price furniture that we have sold to clients, but this occasionally occurs. Furniture now-a-days has to be practical to be valuable, and small furniture is undoubtedly the vogue because of the popularity of flats. On the whole, dealers make more money out of each other than they do out of the public; but you have to be very careful when you are anxious to make a special purchase from another dealer, to ask the price of several other pieces first!"

The dealer told me that there are, of course, several tricks of the trade. One is to make a note of every quarter day, because there are always a number of people who are moving house at the end of their tenancy and are glad to sell some of their furniture to save themselves the trouble of cartage. Another device is to keep in fairly continuous touch with the landed gentry, whose names and addresses are to be found in reference books.

In Scotland, I was told, it is hard to persuade people to sell antiques, probably because their native thriftiness makes it unnecessary for them to part with their treasures. For some reason or another the Isle of Wight is a fruitful hunting ground for the dealer in antique furniture. Good English furniture is also to be found on occasion in Italy and Holland. Wales seldom yields anything worth while. (Oak dressers can easily become a glut on the market.) A lot of fine stuff is to be picked up in Bournemouth, where so many people live in retirement and ultimately die. Warwickshire is too rich a county to provide much even for the most persuasive dealer.

It is seldom, indeed, that American antique furniture can be picked up in England. My informant has had the experience only twice in his life. When found, however, it commands a ready price if it is block-fronted. Good American furniture is very often "signed" like French furniture. English furniture is seldom distinguished in this way unless it is the work of Ince and Mayhew.

Even now, of course, if you mention the famous case of Dighton v. Shrager your antique dealer will look a trifle downcast. Both men are now dead. But the action certainly caused both a stir and a slump in the antique furniture business. Even now—so I am told—the exact minimum percentage of the original piece justifying its distinction as an antique has never been decided. Of course, except for genuine repairs, a piece of antique furniture should be entirely antique. There ought always to be a carefully marked difference between what are genuine repairs and what is mere substitution.

Having been assured by my informant that there is a genuine scarcity of fine goods even now, I asked him what he would like to find, buy, and sell in the next few days. The answer was (a) a set of Chippendale chairs—say ten singles and two armchairs—which he would buy for £350 and sell for £500; (b) a good pair of William IV mirrors to buy at £400 and sell at £550; and (c) a refectory table with fine carved bulbous legs to be bought at £300 and sold at £450.

Referring to the Chippendale furniture, he said that this has kept up its price better than almost any other furniture, including Queen Anne, but the colour is important—the more patina it has the more valuable it becomes.

Other items of information I acquired were that clocks must be by Daniel Quare, Thomas Tompion, or Joseph Knibb to be valuable, and that grandmother clocks fetch a better price than grandfather clocks; that settees are more saleable if they are "love seats"; that Gothic furniture is the most valuable of all; that Louis Quinze and Louis Seize have an equal value; that the larger pieces of eighteenth-century furniture have dropped in price considerably; that there is no demand for marble; and that most of the furniture at the Rothschild sale in Piccadilly was bought by the French.

A final tip, if you are involved in a conversation about antique furniture, is that there are eight leading different styles—Late Gothic, Tudor, Stuart, William and Mary, Chippendale, Adam, Heppelwhite, and Sheraton—which take you from 1475 to 1806. Memorise these and you can appear quite wise, even at Christie's and Sotheby's. Messrs. Christie have sales every Thursday now until the end of July, and often on Tuesdays. This week there has been an important two-day sale of furniture belonging to the late Sir Leicester Harmsworth, and on July 8 there is another big sale of French and English furniture, which includes a pair of William III wing arm-chairs, the property of Sir Philip Sassoon, who in turn bought them from the collection of the last Duke of Leeds. It is expected to cause spirited bidding. So far this season the best price for a piece of furniture was the 1,000 guineas paid by Rochelle Thomas on May 26 for an Adam marquetry cabinet. This gave a fillip to the whole trade, and reminds would-be sellers that they can safely trust their treasures to the market once again.

STUART CHIPPENDALE HEPPELWHITE

Three styles of chair belonging to the eight main divisions in which furniture is catalogued, as pointed out by Charles Graves in the accompanying article. There are, of course, a number of sub-divisions

BIRDS in BATTALIONS

Grassholm, where the Gannets Congregate in Prodigious Numbers

These remarkable pictures of gannets crowding the seashore in their thousands were taken on the island of Grassholm, lying 18 miles off the coast of Pembrokeshire, West Wales, one of Britain's most important bird sanctuaries and a veritable paradise for the bird-lover. Owing to the dangerous rocks on Grassholm it is seldom visited by human beings, but three years ago delegates to the Royal Congress of Ornithologists, one of whom was ex-king Ferdinand of Bulgaria, went there in two destroyers placed at their disposal by the British Government. Gannets, who come to these coasts in early spring and leave in early autumn, build their rough nests from sea-weed

VIC D

The Leicester tion in Com ary of the

"ENTRE LES DEUX MON CŒUR BALANCE": This moving study by James Tissot (1836-1902), the French painter who in the '70s made London his home and who excelled in the depiction of Thames-side life, is one of the outstanding works on view at the exhibition of "Victorian Life" now being held at the Leicester Galleries to mark the centenary of Queen Victoria's accession in 1837. The pictures are by artists who lived in the sixty-four momentous years of the great reign, each in its own way depicting some phase of an era that was intensely individual. Tissot, whom Ruskin described as a mere photographer, is now recognised as a thoroughly sound technician

"A HOLIDAY, depicting a is the work artist who ex

OLD CHELSEA

In the Days before the Granite Embankment

By
GEORGE WASHINGTON BROWNLOW

This striking picture entitled "Cadogan Pier" was painted in 1858 when Chelsea had still the nature of a London suburb and possessed a quiet charm that even to-day may be glimpsed along its riverside drive. The artist, George Washington Brownlow, belonged to the mid-Victorian era, exhibiting at the Academy between 1858 and 1875

"THE LOWTHER ARCADE"

By an Unknown Artist (Circa 1865)

TORIAN AYS

Galleries Stage an Exhibi- memoration of the Centen- Great Queen's Accession

1862": This canvas, evidently family visit to the Crystal Palace, of James William Cole, a London hibited consistently at the Academy

"TRAVELLING IN 1860": In this picture T. M. Joy, another noted painter of the period, shows passengers and a bearded ticket collector

"DIVIDEND DAY AT THE BANK OF ENGLAND": Another canvas, belonging to about the year 1840, depicting a phase of city life at the start of Queen Victoria's reign as the shareholders came to Threadneedle St. to collect their interest in person. The artist in this case is unknown, but the picture from an historical viewpoint has great value

In its hey-day the Lowther Arcade, the entrance to which was in the Strand on the site now occupied by Coutt's Bank, was mainly occupied by vendors of children's toys and at most times of the day it presented an animated spectacle as "plebs and nobs", young and old, thronged together along its aisles. The place was designed in 1830 by Witherden Young and was named after Lord Lowther, Commissioner of Woods and Forests. In the nineties there was a popular song called "The Lowther Arcade"

"TO BRIGHTON AND BACK FOR 3s. 6d." was Charles Rossiter's informative title to his picture of third-class travel in mid-nineteenth century when the railway boom was at its height and the novelty of going by train had not worn off. By present standards and having regard to the changed value of money, this return fare of 3s. 6d. was not as cheap as it seems at the first glance. Rossiter was a prolific painter and exhibited at the Academy for nearly forty years

THE SULTAN OF YEMEN'S CORONATION GIFT TO THE KING: This superb piece of sculpture, in all probability dating from the second century A.D., can now be seen at the British Museum, where His Majesty has placed it on loan. It is believed to have been "cast" in or near Arabia. The style is classic, with a touch of Eastern influence, and it is made of an alloy closely resembling brass

AT ASCOT'S FASHION PARADE: The daughter of the Alake of Abeokuta, the Nigerian Coronation visitor, was a striking figure in native dress

MOYTOY OF TELLIKE

A Cherokee Indian Ruler Whose Deputies Came to Windsor Castle More than 200 Years Ago

THIS year London has been filled with visitors from every corner of the earth—visitors of every shade and colour—many of them walking our streets in strange and unfamiliar garb. Keenly interested in everything, they could be seen gazing fascinated at the workings of escalators or ticket machines in tube stations, or with faces glued to the windows of the great shops, or calmly, oblivious of traffic on road or pavement, staring up at the tall buildings, especially at night when the twinkling lights seemed to them like fairyland. One is apt to think of this great gathering of the peoples of the world as only having been made possible by our modern facilities for travel.

But more than 200 years ago, there arrived in England from America as strange a little company as any seen in our streets this summer. An energetic and enthusiastic Scotsman, Sir Alexander Cuming, had been interesting himself for some time in the Cherokee Indians, a great and powerful tribe whose lands lay on the north-west boundary of South Carolina. They had a large force of splendid warriors; and 3,000 or so of these stalwarts would be an invaluable asset in the defence of the colony. Sir Alexander Cuming had travelled much in their country, visiting them and making friends with them, and winning their confidence and affection. They were well disposed towards England; and it was important to ensure that they were not seduced by the intrigues of the French, who were equally alive to the advantages of having this tribe as ally.

Cuming thought that a visit to England would be the best means of impressing them with the power and might of the English. The Council for Trade and Plantations was approached and with their consent it was decided that they should be invited to come to England.

A meeting of the chiefs of the tribe was summoned at Nikossen by their Emperor Moytoy of Tellike or Telliquo as he was sometimes called. This meeting Sir Alexander attended. Seven deputy chiefs were there chosen to accompany him to England: Seali-losken Ketagusta; Scayagusta Oukah; Colannah; Oucounacou; Clogoittah; Jethtowe; and one whose name is not given. Moytoy himself did not come.

Under the personal guidance of Sir Alexander they set sail from Charlestown on their long voyage across the great waters. They were housed in the cloisters at Windsor Castle; and opportunities were made for them to see and be seen as much as possible.

Articles of Friendship and Commerce were drawn up by the Lords' Commissioners for Trade and Plantations, in which are found "the words of the Great King to his people and his children whom he loves." "He takes it kindly," they say, "that the Great Nation of Cherokees have sent you hither a great way, to brighten the chain of friendship between him and them. As the Great King has fastened one end of it to his own breast, he desires you will carry the other end of the chain and fasten it well to the breast of Moytoy of Tellike, and to the breasts of your old wise men, your captains, and all your people, never more to be broken or made loose. And hereupon we give two pieces of cloth."

Each clause in the agreement was punctuated with a present and finally, it stated, "As a token that His (the Great King's) heart is open and true to his children—the Cherokees—he gives his hand in this belt, which he desires may be kept and shewn to all your people, and to the children and children's children, to confirm what is now spoken, and to bind this agreement of peace and friendship betwixt the English and Cherokees as long as the mountains and rivers shall last, or the sun shine; whereupon we give this Belt of Wampum."

The Cherokees do not seem to have been very popular at their lodgings at Windsor, for we find their landlord writing from there to beg Sir Alexander to remove them. They seem, however, to have made many friends and to have impressed those whom they met with their intelligence and competence.

That the visit was a great success is clear from a letter from the Council of Trade and Plantations to Governor Johnson in the following year:

"We are very glad that ye seven Cherokee Indian Chiefs are well satisfied with the treatment they received whilst in England as it will be the means of continuing a lasting peace with the Indian Nations bordering on your Government." **Mary Headlam**

SUMMER DAYS IN TOKYO

ESSENCE OF CHIC: Two coolly and smartly clad Tokyo girls walking down a main street of the city on one of the first mornings of the Japanese summer. At this time of the year excessively rainy and sunny days alternate with bewildering frequency. The hottest days are, however, usually tempered by cool breezes in the evening

A POPULAR PLAYGROUND: Children sailing their boats on an artificial pond in Hibiya Park, a favourite resort of Tokyo's youngsters. In early summer the display of azaleas there is invariably an immense attraction

Life in the Japanese Capital as Glorious Spring Gives Way to Variable June

CHEERS FOR THE ROYAL VISITOR: School children lining the route to acclaim the Emperor of Manchukuo (former Emperor of China) on his recent State visit to Emperor Hirohito in Tokyo; the first since his accession

AMONG XOCHIMILCO'S "F

A Renowned Show Place nea
the Life on its Flower-b

THE VEGETABLE VENDOR: A girl, her boat laden with produce, on one of the waterways of Xochimilco —a renowned beauty spot in the neighbourhood of

SUNDAY ON THE WATER-WAYS. Flower-adorned boats crowding one of the canals between the "floating" gardens of Xochimilco, where sightseers go at week ends to marvel at the wonderful vegetation, and enjoy the pleasures of this unique haunt

On left—"FAIR LILY, ONCE MISTRESS OF THE FIELD": A flower seller of Xochimilco offering her wares by the shore of one of the islands. She seldom fails to do a brisk trade

GLIDING ON SUNLIT WATERS: Flower-decked punts, some with their names picked out in flowers above the shelter, in which visitors to Xochimilco make the grand tour of the waterways, cooking their meals on board and whiling away the hours

FLOATING" GARDENS

...r Mexico City and ...bordered Waterways

Mexico ...ity, where the local inhabitants cultivate flowers a... veg...tables on the picturesque "floating" gardens, s...ng t...em to the hosts of people who visit the place

LILIES FOR SALE: A local flower vendor plying her trade from her boat as it glides between the gardens. In bygone days these gardens floated on the water, but are now anchored by the vegetation which has taken such deep root. Every kind of tropical flower flourishes there abundantly

...h song, often to the accompaniment of the guitar, the harmonies ...d the mingled scent of flowers creating an atmosphere at once ...romance and gaiety. *Right*—A punt taking its leisurely way ...ng a canal, with tall and stately trees lining the banks

IN THE 'EASY-ACCESS' INNER FOIL PACK AND SEALED FRESH IN MOISTURE-PROOF 'CELLOPHANE'

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Holiday Prelude

THEY are almost here, those holidays that we have been looking forward to for so long, and, as always, there are dozens of things we want just at a moment when funds are getting depressingly low. It might be a serious matter were it not for the fact that summer sales are appearing on the horizon, bringing the loveliest of things in time to save us from the quicksands of financial instability.

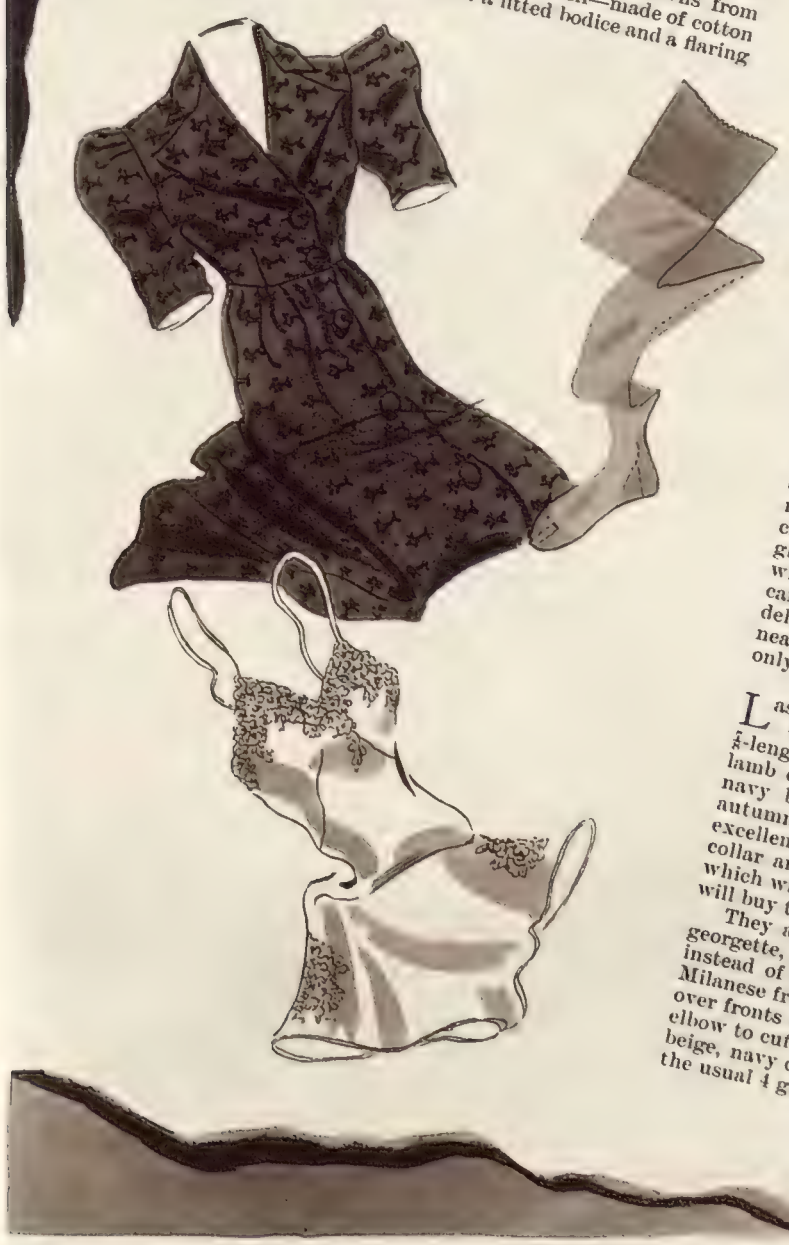
I have already discovered so many thrilling bargains that it is impossible to enumerate a hundredth part of them, so I will tell you about a few, just to whet your appetite, and then you can send for sale catalogues and study them to your heart's content.

Let's start at Marshall and Snelgrove's, for their sale begins on June 21. You will have to get there bright and early if you want to snap up any of their well-known "Fama" stockings, for though they have 2,200 dozen pairs, they won't last long, since they are reduced to 3s. 6d. from 8s. 11d. They are made in twenty-four colours, animated, modulated, and subdued, including greystone and gunmetal.

From the stocking department go down to the shoes, for there you will find oddments in London hand-made shoes that have cost 65s., 55s., and 45s., and that now are 10s. a pair. This is because they are having a special clearance, and it is not the sort of opportunity that is likely to occur again. Then, since you are sure to want a pure silk crepe-de-chine afternoon dress, go up to the debutantes' department, and there you will see some charming ones, in several different colours, reduced from 50s. to 25s.

To Swan and Edgar's, of Piccadilly Circus, next, for they start their sale on June 28. There is one thing there that you certainly must not miss, and that is breakfast gowns from America—grand for beach or garden as well—made of cotton printed in a Persian design, with a fitted bodice and a flaring skirt, all for 15s. You can choose as well summer weight jersey suits, with a woven raised ring design, excellently cut with double pleats at the side front of the skirt, and a belted jacket with two slit pockets, for 35s. Their name is Bude. And, since you will want at least one lace evening dress, see theirs, with a silk slip and a short sleeved coat tied at the waist, made in black, suntan, navy, and brown, for 70s.

Just one more acquisition there before we go on our way again—silk chiffon nightdresses, in pastel colours and glorious deep tones, trimmed with little frills and shoulder bows, for 12s. 11d. Add a matching puff-sleeved jacket at 6s. 11d. and you'll feel glamorous as a film star.



Debenham and Freebody, of Wigmore Street, come next on our list, and July 5 is the day on which their sale starts. They have a marvellous selection of tea frocks in crepes and crepons, with collars and jabots cut in one, and short full sleeves, made in the most beautiful prints, at £3. Wrap-over teagowns, crossed at the front with a sash slotted through the side—glorious to slip into when one is tired, and made in crepe Reno, with angel sleeves which give a slim caped effect at the back, can be yours for 6½ guineas, while for travelling you will be delighted with a tailored wrapper of heavy crepe-de-chine, its neat lines set off by contrasting revers and cuffs, and its price only £2.

Lastly to Gorringes, for their sale also starts on July 5. They are pre-dating some of their autumn coats—notably a ¾-length tweed with a good wrap-over rever and an Indian lamb collar, made in brown or grey with matching fur, and in navy blue with grey fur, which will cost 6½ guineas when autumn comes, but during the sale will be 98s. 6d. And an excellent cloth coat in navy, nigger, and brown, with a fox collar and sleeves tucked from shoulder to cuff, the price of which will later be 7½ guineas instead of the 5½ guineas which will buy the coat during the sale.

They also have garden party and dinner gowns in printed georgette, with draped bodices and sleeves, for £4 19s. 6d. instead of the ordinary price of 6 guineas, as well as spotted Milanese frocks for the more generously proportioned, the cross-over fronts edged with kilted frills and the sleeves pleated from elbow to cuff. These are made in green and white, brown and beige, navy or black and white, and they will cost £3 instead of the usual 4 guineas.

"MOMENT ROMANTIQUE": A picture taken from the stalls at the Hippodrome during this suite to the music of Chopin which is one of the highlights of the Philadelphia Ballet Company's fine repertoire. Ballet is at present enjoying a great vogue in London

ON STAGE AND SCREEN

"Satyr" at the Shaftesbury is Strong Meat Even for Adults: The Future of Catherine Littlefield, Inspiration of the Philadelphia Ballet

A play distinctly not for little children may well be about them. Such is *Satyr* at the Shaftesbury Theatre, which is strong meat even for adults. By an American author, it is being given a London production in advance, with the idea, I assume, that if it does not send British playgoers hurtling down the broad path which leads to perdition it may safely be presented to the sweeter, purer fun-seekers of Broadway.

Since *Satyr* seems to have caused a certain amount of pious indignation, let us consider for a moment what really constitutes an improper play. This one is, to put things as bluntly as the author does, about a young composer who in moments of madness (of which he is not aware at other times) attacks small girls. Not a pretty subject, I grant you, and one more associated with the nastier side of the Sabbath's journalism than with public presentation on the stage. Nor am I disposed to disagree with those, among whom the Censor is obviously not included, who would declare that such presentation is not desirable. Yet if unpleasantness is to be ruled out altogether, we must put on the black list a large number of works, including Ibsen's *Ghosts* and the incestuous Greek dramas, whose artistic value has never been in doubt.

That such crimes as the "hero" of *Satyr* committed exist precious few people, if any, are unaware. In the play they are, of course, only suggested; the realism is in the thought and the discussion and not in any form of detailed treatment. The only scene—the last one of the first act—in which actual portrayal seemed to be imminent was tempered not only by a swift and diplomatic "black-out," but by the fact that the child victim, who had thrown a ball through the window of the room in which the satyr was lurking and had been invited in to play games with him, appeared to my untutored gaze to be a young woman of unquestionable maturity.

The whole play, which is a fine one, is as free from any attempt to attract the prurient minded as a medical treatise. My own opinion is that medical treatises should not be dramatised even when they make as good drama as this. At the same time, to condemn *Satyr* and yet not to jib at strip-tease, smutty little sketches, and dirty wise-cracks in non-stop revues is tantamount to extolling sundry alleged film journals, with their pictures of swim-suited blonde cuties, and at the same time calling for the suppression of *The Lancet*.

Yes, it is a horrible play. And the horror of it is the more tense for the perfection of the acting and the restraint of the production. Mr. Marius Goring, who was by turns a Sanger of the *Constant Nymph* brand and poor M. Nijinsky in *L'Après-midi d'un Faune*, played the musician in a way which made him at once loathsome and pitiful. This wanted some doing and Mr. Goring did it. His mother, Miss Flora Robson, made a memorable figure of grief and of that maternal affection which is almost perverted in its intensity when its object is afflicted, mentally or physically. She shot her son. Mr. A. E. Matthews, as a sympathetic doctor (was it necessary to make him also the mother's lover?) gave a restful touch of sanity and kindly shrewdness to this nightmare, and Miss Patricia Mallinson, a capable young actress, was just a nice American girl who made one realise that Hollywood was, after all, many many miles from that New York home.

CLAIRE LUCE AND MAX BAER TEAM TOGETHER: The lovely stage star and the ex-world heavyweight champion in the film version of Stanley Lupino's musical comedy *Over She Goes* which Associated British Pictures are now making at Elstree. Baer is always quite at home on both stage and screen

JAMES I "DOUBLE CROSSES" RALEIGH: The King (Wilfrid Lawson; right) tells the Spanish Ambassador (Anthony Ireland) of Sir Walter's plans for the expedition to Guiana, thus securing the sea captain's downfall. An episode from *The King's Pirate*, the historical play at the St. Martin's, which is notable for some fine acting and good situations

"The Philadelphia Ballet."—If I am not mistaken, there is an American girl who is shortly going to be a person of great importance in the ballet world, and her name is Catherine Littlefield. She is the choreographer, *première danseuse*, directrice, chief inspiration, and Lady-High-Everything else of the Philadelphia Ballet, which is now giving a short season at the London Hippodrome. Their performances are, for the greater part, so excellent that I believe that the season might be profitably prolonged. To some extent it is a family affair, for there is another Miss Littlefield and a Mr.—or should it be Master?—Littlefield. There is such clever handling of the family, and other talent, and of American folk-tunes and customs, and there is such simple enthusiasm for making the best ballet use of what Providence provides in the way of material, that this

terpsichorean Swiss Family Robinson furnishes, as one might say, "a lesson for us all."

I wish, however, they had not made use of Chopin in their *Moment Romantique*, not because they misuse him but because the material has been sadly over-used by ballet-mongers in the past; even that Admirable Crichtoness, Miss Catherine Littlefield, did nothing outstandingly fresh with it. Besides, her version I thought a Moment Callisthenique rather than a Moment Romantique. But in a comedy vein she and her troupe are surely inimitable. Not even in the more ambitious *Union Pacific* (of which they are a little reminiscent) and *Les Matelots* of another and better known organisation have I known such sheer fun as in *Barn Dance* and *Terminal*. For ballet can be funny consciously even if it is more often funny unconsciously. Both these efforts—the one rural America in 1850 and the other a modern railway station of a great American city—are packed with comic incident.

They were performed by what seemed to be a pack—a nice pack, too—of eager children. But there is nothing immature in their dancing.

"Les Folies Sportives."—Later in the evening I saw some equally lively dancing of a different type at the Piccadilly Hotel, where the new cabaret, *Les Folies Sportives*, lives up to its name. This is my idea of what a cabaret should be, both because it is intrinsically a good show and because it is not too long and is pleasantly free from that unnecessary official reverence which makes it blasphemous to ask a waiter for a potato while the performance is in progress. Miss Franklin Crawford and Mr. Joseph Caskey manage to put drama into a ballroom dance (though I would be hard put to it to say what that drama was about); the Three Jades display acrobatic and tap-dancing feats of astonishing difficulty with an air of smiling calm; the Two Henglers are worthy of an historic name; and the topical Ascot touch was given by the Six Lovelies, as bare-legged bookmakers, dancing away with lightning speed. I have never seen bare-legged bookmakers dancing, but I have seen fully-clad bookmakers running away with lightning speed.

Reviewed by
PHILIP PAGE

"Orphée."—There was plenty of dancing also in *Orphée* at Covent Garden, rather more, perhaps, than Old Man Gluck would have bargained for. But he did not know that one day Colonel de Basil's Ballet would, as it were, take his opera in hand and at the same time rather take the wind out of his sails in the process.

As I am, frankly, more fond of the Basil Ballet than I am of Gluck, whom I venture to consider a dullish composer with flashes of rare melodic beauty (much too rare), I do not object to this disarrangement. The Ballet brought out all their big guns for the occasion (Queen Mary was in the royal box) and the final scene evoked a burst of enthusiasm such as has not been associated with any of this composer's works for a long time.

This opera can either be *Orfeo*, in Italian with a contralto in the chief part, which was originally written for a *castrato*, or *Orphée* in French, with a tenor; the latter version was an idea of the composer himself, so it is a little unfair to belabour Covent Garden, as some have done, for choosing it. In the operatic department chief praise should go to Miss Maggie Teyte, who sang beautifully as Eurydice, with Signor Burdino and Miss Stella Andreva a good second and third. The scenery of Dr. Pretorius of Munich (whom God preserve) was not too severely classical and had a pleasant spaciousness about it.

THE ART OF AUBREY HAMMOND: One of this clever stage designer's settings for *Don Juan de Mañara*, the new opera by Goossens which has just been given its première at Covent Garden with Lawrence Tibbett creating the title role

"The Great Romancer."—It is doubtful whether the British public, though they still read Dumas quite a bit, know much about him as a man. For that reason it is a pity that he is shown in Mr. Goodman's play at the New Theatre almost entirely as a charlatan, which he was not. We know that he had an ebullient Bohemianism, which can best be described by that untranslatable word *rastaquouère*; that he talked too much (and, possibly, wrote too much, for there was no literary self pruning about Alexandre *père*); that he wore extraordinary clothes at times; and that in his love affairs he was inclined to be—haremic.

LAWRENCE TIBBETT TO SING IAGO: The noted American singer and screen star who has a leading part in *Otello*, which is being presented at Covent Garden this Saturday

But he was no more the charlatan than he was the buffoon, and Mr. Goodman makes him both, and little else besides. This gives Mr. Robert Morley a superb opportunity to be brilliantly amusing. No one will grudge this clever young actor such an opportunity, the more so since off his own bat he makes the play, which has few, if any, other qualities, a highly enjoyable farce, with about as much relation to literary history as the diverting episodes of *1066 And All That* bear to the history of England.

Yet this is hardly being fair to Dumas. The author is still less fair to the characters which surround him and, in the conspicuous instance of Miss Carol Goodner, an actress of outstanding interest, to the people who portray them. Miss Goodner has the quality of looking completely different (though always alluring) in each part she plays and of playing all of them well, even when they are scarcely worth the playing.

She out-Harlowed poor little Jean Harlow's blonde magic in *Dinner at Eight*, yet only a few weeks ago she was a stately dark-haired adventuress in that ill-fated Dauphin play. She did her best here with a shadowy part as Adah Isaacs Menken, who was anything but a shadowy person and might well form the central figure of any play. I hope somebody will write one, with Miss Goodner in it. De Vigny Mr. Goodman makes just stiffly pompous, and Ida Ferrier just a shrew—for which neither Mr. Edgar Norfolk nor Miss Coral Browne can be blamed.

A tantalising evening. But, thanks to Mr. Morley, not at all a dull one.

Shows to Come.—Anmer Hall will present on July 8, at the Queen's Theatre, a play translated from the Finnish. The work has been performed in its native land during the last two years as *The Women of Nyskavuori*, but it is hoped to find a less unwieldly title for this country. The cast will include Mary Morris (the American actress, who played in that powerful piece, *Suspect*,) Nancy Hornsby, Griffith Jones, and Dorice Fordred. Henry Cass is the producer. The action of the play takes place in modern Finland, and an attempt will be made to get the correct national atmosphere with music, dancing, and general décor . . . When, according to plan, the ballet season ends on June 26, Sir Oswald Stoll will stage an ice spectacle on the spacious stage at the Coliseum. The stage will be converted into an ice rink on which skaters will exhibit every form of skating. Not that the Coliseum is being turned into a skating rink. The performance is that of a spectacular production. There will be sixty-five to seventy performers, with an orchestra in the usual pit and a band on the stage . . . *Tsar Lenin*, by François Porche, in an English version by Ossia Trilling and Emanuel Wax, will be presented by the Stage Society at the Westminster on June 27. The play is a biographical study of Lenin from 1910 to his death in 1924.

"THE GREAT ROMANCER" POURS OUT HIS SOUL: Robert Morley as Alexandre Dumas and Vivienne Bennett as Marie Duval, one of his many loves, in Jules Eckert Goodman's biographical play which was so well received when presented the other day at the New Theatre. It is an amusing virile dramatisation of the novelist's life and of the women who played such a tempestuous part in it. Carol Goodner as the renowned Adah Isaacs Menken gives her usual first-class performance

BARRIE PASSES

The Death of Peter Pan's Creator: An Appreciation by Philip Page

WHERE THE GREAT PLAYWRIGHT WAS BORN: The little home in Kirriemuir, Forfarshire, in which Sir James Barrie, who has just died at the age of 77, first saw the light of day. He was one of the ten children of a hand-loom weaver, spending his boyhood in an atmosphere of religion, thrift, and self-education

"A WINDOW IN THRUMS": It was through this that Barrie looked out upon Kirriemuir and evolved that wonderful series of sketches of Scottish town life

THE FIRST ACT OF PETER PAN: The boy "who would never grow up" visits the nursery of the Darlings and shows John, Michael, and Wendy how to fly, eventually vanishing with them through the window, bound for the Never-Never Land. A drawing by C. A. Buchel made at the first production of *Peter Pan* in the Christmas of 1904-5 and published in "The Sphere" of January 7, 1905. The part of Peter was played by Nina Boucicault

PETER PAN DEFIES THE FEARSOME CAPTAIN HOOK: Georgette Cohan in the title role and Allen Jeayes as the pirate skipper in the revival of Barrie's famous children's play presented at the New Theatre during the Christmas of 1919—20. A drawing for the *Sphere* by Fortunino Matania, R.I.

JAMES BARRIE (writes Philip Page, THE SPHERE'S dramatic critic) has not been many years in following Arthur Pinero to the grave. Only Shaw is left of the three men, so vastly different, who were great names in the theatre when Frederick Lonsdale was a schoolboy and before Noel Coward was born.

There were few points of contact between Barrie and Pinero beyond the unimportant one that both wrote an extremely disappointing last play. A detailed and Plutarchian parallel is neither possible nor desirable. Yet a point to be emphasised is the sense of the theatre in both, and their consummate stage technique. In the case of Barrie there is, I note, a tendency to overlook this aspect of his undeniable qualities in view of certain mannerisms of thought and style, which, though carried to excess, do not deserve the contumely which was heaped on them long before his death. I refer of course, to his whimsicalities and "Barrieism" generally. It was easy to burlesque this: Coward did so brilliantly, and quite good-humouredly, in a revue. It was still easier to be irritated by it. Indeed, there grew up a sort of anti-Barrie school which with some sincerity set up a united front against the whimsey-whamsey stuff from Kirriemuir, and Tinker Bell, and Little Mary, and Maconochie, and lashed at it on paper and in literary debate good and hard. The author was at least as sincere in doling out this fare as his critics were in condemning it. For Barrie was a sentimentalist whose sentimentality, springing largely from his love for children and from baulked fatherhood, took that characteristic form. That it turned out also to be a profitable form was no reason for abandoning it.

What is unjust, and rather silly, is to allow dislike of Barrie's whimsicality to blind one to the excellence of at least two thirds of his plays. Perfect comedies, of fragrant humour, deft construction and human understanding, are *Quality Street*, *The Admirable Crichton*, *Dear Brutus*, *A Kiss for Cinderella*, and many, many more. Nor should one forget the one-act plays, with *The Twelve Pound Look* as, I think, the best of them.

Barrie was a great dramatist in the channel which he chose for himself. And his idiosyncrasies really matter so very little in comparison with the extent of his genius, and the joy it has given and will continue to give.

IN MIDDLE AGE AND LATER LIFE: Two impressions of the great Scottish playwright and one of the best-loved literary figures of modern times whose passing is so deeply mourned. *Left*—As he was in the prime of life and (*right*) with Gladys Cooper for whose daughter he stood sponsor at the christening. A picture dating from 1930 when Barrie was seventy and had reduced his literary output

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J. M. BARRIE

Mr. Dearth	GERALD du MAURIER
Mr. Coade	NORMAN FORBES
Mr. Purdie	RONALD SQUIRE
Matey	ALFRED DRAYTON
Lob	ARTHUR HATHERTON
Mrs. Dearth	MADELINE SEYMOUR
Mrs. Purdie	MOYNA MACGILL
Mrs. Coade	MABEL TERRY LEWIS
Joanna Trout	JOYCE CAREY
Lady Caroline Laney	AUDRY CARTEN
Margaret	FAITH CELLI

ACT I. ... ... Lob's House

ACT II. ... ... The Wood

ACT III. ... ... Same as Act I.

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Stage Manager ... W. T. LOVELL

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A BARRIE PLAY-BILL announcing the revival of *Dear Brutus* in 1922, when Gerald du Maurier played Mr. Dearth with Ronald Squire, Moyna MacGill, and Mabel Terry Lewis also in the cast. The play has a really brilliant first act

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This England . . .

Inkpen Beacon and the Kennet Valley

UNEXPECTED indeed are the sidelights the very new may cast upon the very old. To take wings over this England is to remark one curious thing above most others. The dear haphazard look of our countryside falls away, and field and farm, spinney and pasture, take on an ordered look. Evidence of plan is everywhere, in ancient boundary and thick-set hedge. Straight lines they could drive, those older men, and plant their perfect rectangles over ridge and hollow, with never an instrument to help. Slowly they worked, perforce, but what a heritage they left! And for strength in labour and clarity of eye and mind, they brewed them that great solace men call Worthington today.

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A NEW HEADDRESS FOR "THE OLD LADY": A rear view of the Bank of England showing the coved roof, which is one of the new features of the building, constituting a breakaway from tradition. From the æsthetic standpoint many are inclined to doubt the "rightness" of such a curve, favouring the usual angular formation

LONDON TO LOSE A MONUMENT? The town of Wrexham, North Wales, has requested to be given this obelisk erected in Ludgate Circus to the memory of Robert Waithman, a Lord Mayor of London, who hailed from the Wrexham area

THE ROYAL EXCHANGE IN SPLINTS: Scaffolding erected over the façade of the famous building so that cleaners can get to work on the task of removing the many coatings of grime from its dignified Corinthian portico with its tympanum group representing Commerce holding the charter of the Exchange

A GAP IN LOWER REGENT STREET: The demolition in progress (*top*) of the building by John Nash (*seen in its entirety below*), which is being pulled down in order to make way for a vast new entertainment centre planned by Mr. Stuart Doyle, the Australian theatre magnate, on the lines of the State building in Sydney. The place will contain two theatres, a number of shops, a restaurant, and six floors of modern offices

The WORLD *of* BOOKS

Boston's Civic Complacency Satirised in J. P. Marquand's New Novel: Cecil Roberts Takes as His Characters Fourteen Travellers on the Vienna–Athens Express

Reviewed by Vernon Fane

BOSTONIANS have in America a curious kind of social position which has no counterpart in England. It is largely self-created, as it is not to be expected that the rest of the United States should feel a spontaneous desire to do that one town a special honour, and consequently reverence its inhabitants. It has been the influence of the people living in Boston themselves that has caused the town to be regarded by some with the proper respect due to the last stronghold of a vanishing aristocracy, and by others with some reasonable amusement. Here live representatives of some of the oldest families in the States, but there are old families, proud of their English and Dutch and French descent, in the South as well.

Here there is a very fine symphony orchestra, museums and collections of world famous paintings, but all these are equalled by at least two other American cities. Perhaps it is more in a combination of many things that Bostonians feel themselves particularly secure and fortunate, and there is of course the unmistakable Boston accent, or lack of it, which is to America what the French spoken in Tours is to France.

All this would be taken for granted by an American, whether or not he approved, but it is less familiar to English people and since this civic complacency is such a part of one of the best of the new novels it is worth examining.

"PRELUDE TO ADVENTURE"! Mr. Hugh Walpole on his way to Buckingham Palace to receive the knighthood which was conferred on him in the Coronation Honours list

THE LATE GEORGE APLEY (Robert Hale. 7s. 6d.) is a satire in a very subtle manner on that section of Boston life which still arrogates to itself certain rights and privileges as a natural consequence of birth and upbringing. Mr. John P. Marquand has written it in the form of a memoir on a very eminent Bostonian (1866–1933) by an equally distinguished friend of the family. From George Apley's own notes and letters and from the family correspondence and the comments of Mr. Willing, a courteous biographer after his own heart, the portrait has been reconstructed, with such imperceptible touches that at first one scarcely realises the satirical intent.

The Apleys came, says Mr. Willing, of good English yeoman stock, and the first American Apley settled over there in 1636. That is the cornerstone of the family tradition and George, who just missed being an extremely likeable man, was forced to conform to it. As he said himself, "I am the sort of man I am because environment prevented my being anything else." His life, eminently successful from the conventional point of view, was at the least frustrated and at the most deeply unhappy. The fact that he never admitted this, scarcely realised it even, and that his biographer is no more aware of it than he, gives point to Mr. Marquand's brilliant *tour de force*, the story of a biography.

The novel with the sharply limited field of action, the central focal point, continues to appeal to writers. Some have chosen great hotels as their scene, some Riviera *pensions;* a ship at sea, a shop, a school, each in turn has provided an excellent observation point, not unlike the prompter's box in the centre of the French stage from which every character in the play can be seen and the rest of the theatre excluded.

Of all the possibilities in this method, Mr. Cecil Roberts has chosen one of the most promising. **VICTORIA: FOUR-THIRTY** (Hodder and Stoughton. 7s. 6d.) deals with the destinies of fourteen people on the Vienna-Budapest-Athens express. Each is introduced by his luggage label, his background and his reasons for travelling briefly explained, and his journey started with the same degree of anticipation. Only they anticipate widely differing events.

The young Greek waiter, Athens-bound, has saved £600 and is going home to marry his girl and buy a little restaurant. The honeymoon couple,

(*Continued on page* 672)

BOOKS RECEIVED

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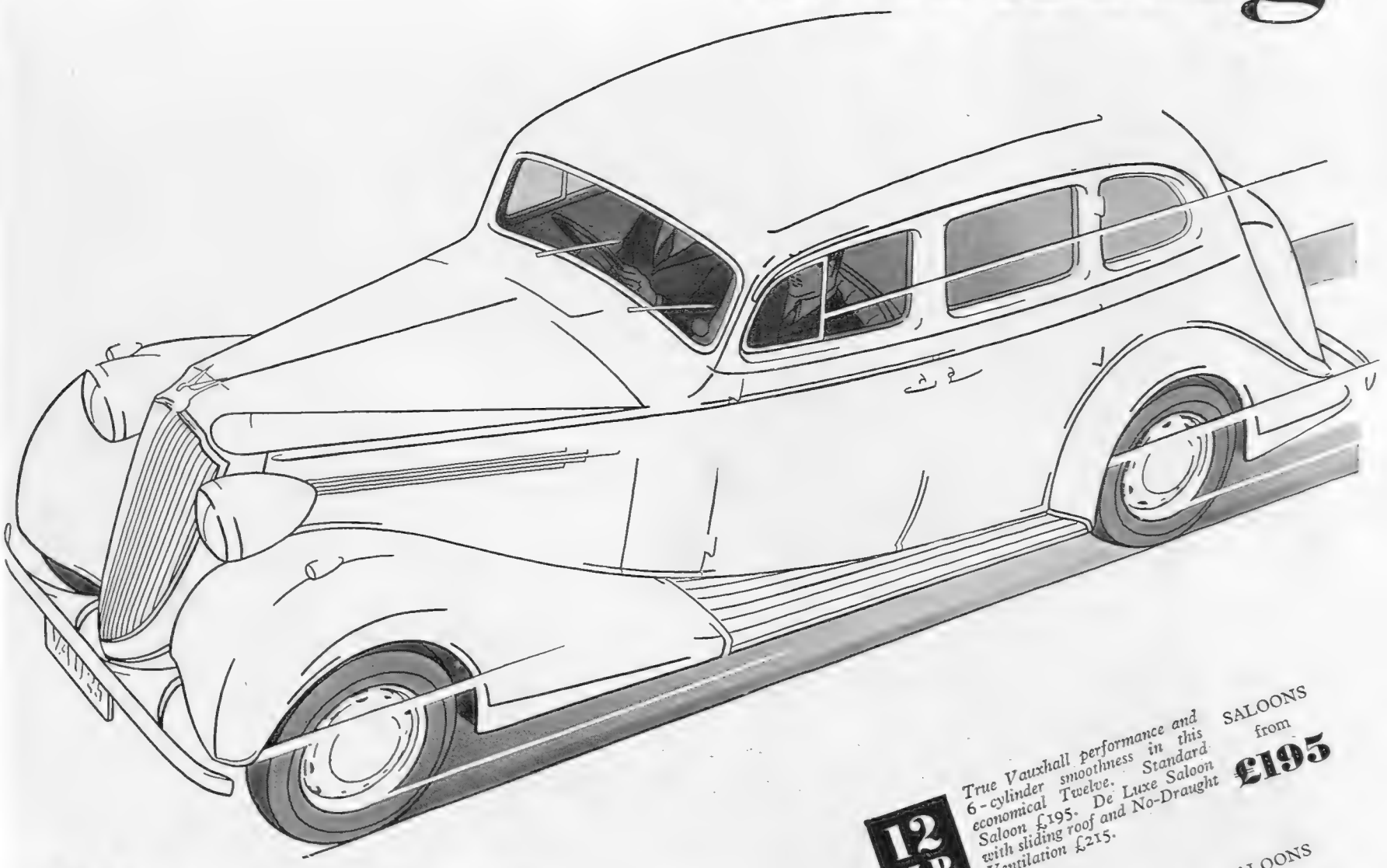

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The World of Books

(Continued from page 670)

the apotheosis of all such couples, are simply and rather charmingly looking forward to their honeymoon. The old English nun is looking forward to ending her life in her Rumanian convent, the expatriated German film star to beginning afresh in Vienna. The great conductor, expecting one of the usual seasons at the Salzburg festival, arrives there with his whole life changed and an adopted baby on his hands.

The child King of Slavonia is travelling home to take his murdered father's place. He can only look forward to stiff, palace routine and an inadequate supply of lettuce leaves for his imported rabbit. The General had become, like many White Russians before him, a chauffeur and is on his way to pick up two clients and their car in Austria. The country doctor is on a rescue mission, to bring back a strong-minded nephew who prefers mountain pastures to London dinner parties, and the writer is travelling for inspiration.

Some of them get what they expect, plots, honeymoons, thrones, freedom; two find death at their journey's end, and one the greatest disappointment of his life. None of them is travelling for quite the same reason as the businesslike Turk, who keeps his London and Salonica households distinct and equally happy, but all of them from the reader's point of view, have one thing in common. They are credible, living characters and their stories have real pathos, real excitement, and a quiet humour. Mr. Roberts has that rare gift of discernment, a kind of observation *plus*, which makes the difference between the gifted reporter and the born novelist. In his books people move and speak with the intonations of life itself, and his situations have a gentle realism that is peculiarly English.

It is months since I read an historical novel as richly coloured, as dramatic, as full of movement and life as Herr Heinrich Mann's **KING WREN** (Secker and Warburg 10s. 6d). The young Henri IV is the subject, in the long years when as Henri of Navarre he waited and plotted and fought to win Paris, Paris *qui valait bien une messe*.

The country boy, raised in the Béarn by his mother Queen Jeanne, to fight for the Protestant faith and his rights, as king, had none of the court technique that Paris expected of him. As a child he had visited that town twice, but when he came to it to claim his bride his manners were as boisterous and merry as ever. With that pleasant appearance however, went pleasant shrewdness, and he was as quick to suspect treachery and recognise sincerity as one of Catherine de Medici's Italian statesmen.

Henri married Catherine's daughter, Marguerite de Valois the lovely and learned Margot, and for a time they loved one another and matched their wits in court intrigue. He survived the terrible St. Bartholomew massacre of his Huguenot supporters and friends, but was kept in the palace of the Louvre, virtually a prisoner, and in constant danger from Catherine's malicious plots.

Free at last and governor of the whole south-west of France, Henri was a happy man, but a man who never forgot that France itself was his goal. Margot's notorious affairs continued for a long time at court, but finally she was banished and joined her husband, Henri, for a space. The book ends on the battlefield of Arques, the scene of his first great triumph and the end of his youth.

If I were to pick out any scenes from the 600 pages of this crowded, vigorous book, I would choose the days in the Louvre before St. Bartholomew's Eve, when the increasing tension in the atmosphere, the fear and the hourly expectation of treachery and murder are so vividly conveyed. I doubt if Herr Mann has ever done anything more moving, or with such a true sense of the dramatic values.

Henri's character is meat for any biographer and it is not surprising that Herr Mann has made such a boldly-drawn figure of him. Arrogant, subtle, strong, amorous (his exploits in this direction make Casanova's pale), belligerent, kingly, tolerant; all these things were facets of the man's extraordinary personality. He was a king, and knew himself born to a throne for all his simpleness of heart.

Marguerite de Valois was a worthy foil and a worthy lover, though I prefer M. Edmond Bourdet's version of her escapades. As for her mother, "very still—very soft—like an ancient mouse, Madame Catherine, snug behind her spy-hole, peers into her blood-soaked house." Herr Mann spares no horrors and underlines many. A grand book, which should after all this time put Anthony Adverse in his place.

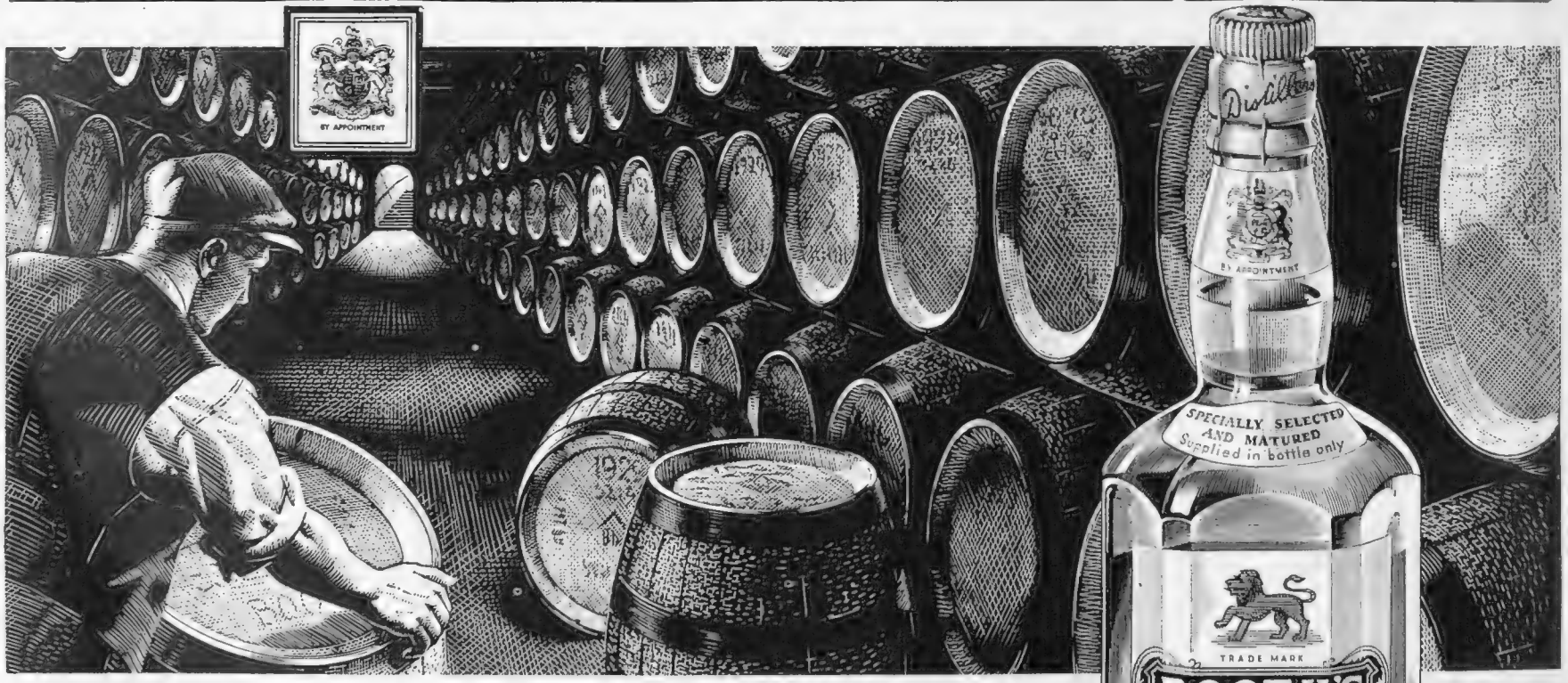
DR. AXEL MUNTHE IN LONDON: The renowned author of *The Story of San Michele*, one of the outstanding autobiographies of modern times, has recently come to town for a short stay to meet some of his friends over here. His home is on Capri

Any detective worth his salt, when challenged to solve a grocery order or prove himself a hopeless incompetent, will weigh in with some kind of explanation, logically deduced. This applies, of course, to the detectives of fiction only. Scotland Yard is known not to look kindly on pranks of this kind. Mr. Asey Mayo, the Cape Cod sleuth who is the perennial hero of Miss Phœbe Atwood Taylor's books, is capable of even greater feats of reasoning and, when necessary, of bravery.

In **OUT OF ORDER** (Gollancz. 7s. 6d.) Asey Mayo flies from Jamaica into the middle of a New England snowstorm to a friend who is in danger of losing, not his life but 50,000 dollars, and that on a bet. The bet, suggested in a moment of hero-worshipping bravado, was that Asey could solve anything, down to a grocery order, and Asey was indeed perfectly prepared to do it. Before he could deal with such frivolous matters, however, there was a little problem of a murder to be solved, a murder carefully planned and stumbled on by accident.

Asey Mayo solved the crime, and going farther investigated another death, apparently a natural one, proved it to have been a murder and solved that mystery as well. Quite incidentally a shopping list with a grocer's order comes to light and proves an ingenious clue. Asey, with his Cape Cod dialect, triumphs again and his admirers both inside and outside fiction breathe easily again.

Ten thousand pounds is a few more pounds than I would care to risk myself on the reputation of any detective, but while there are gentlemen in novels to do it for me I will follow with the most breathless attention. And, in the process, I shall have read a very nearly first-class mystery story.



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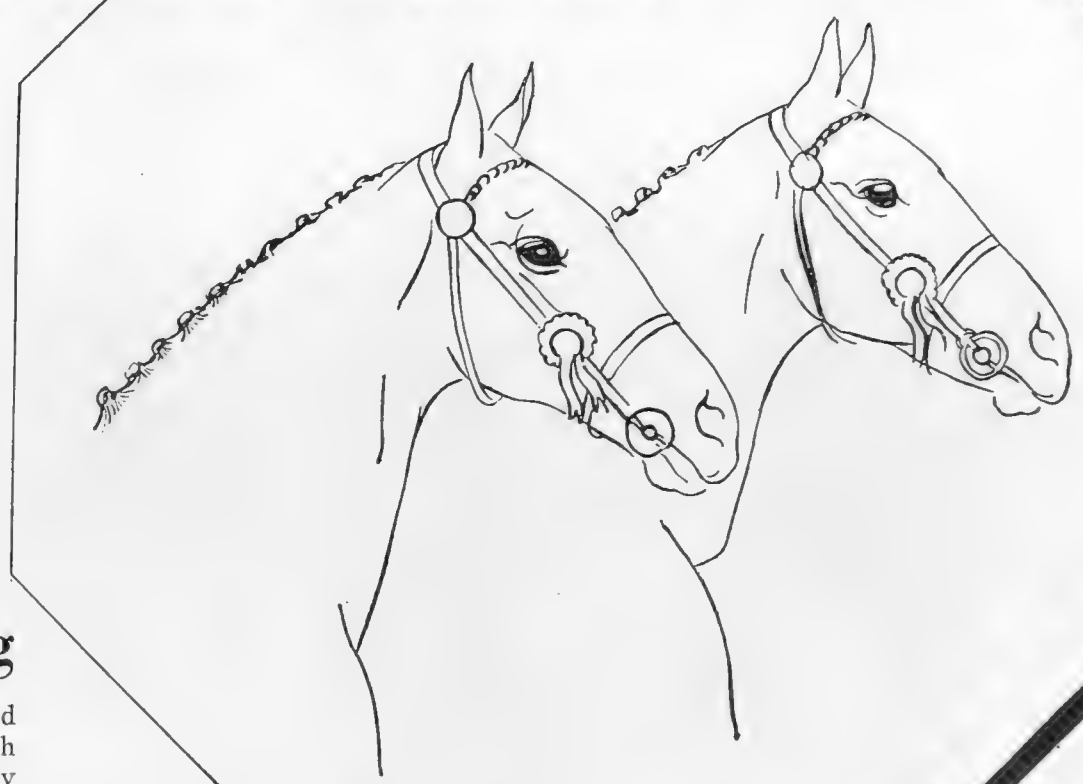

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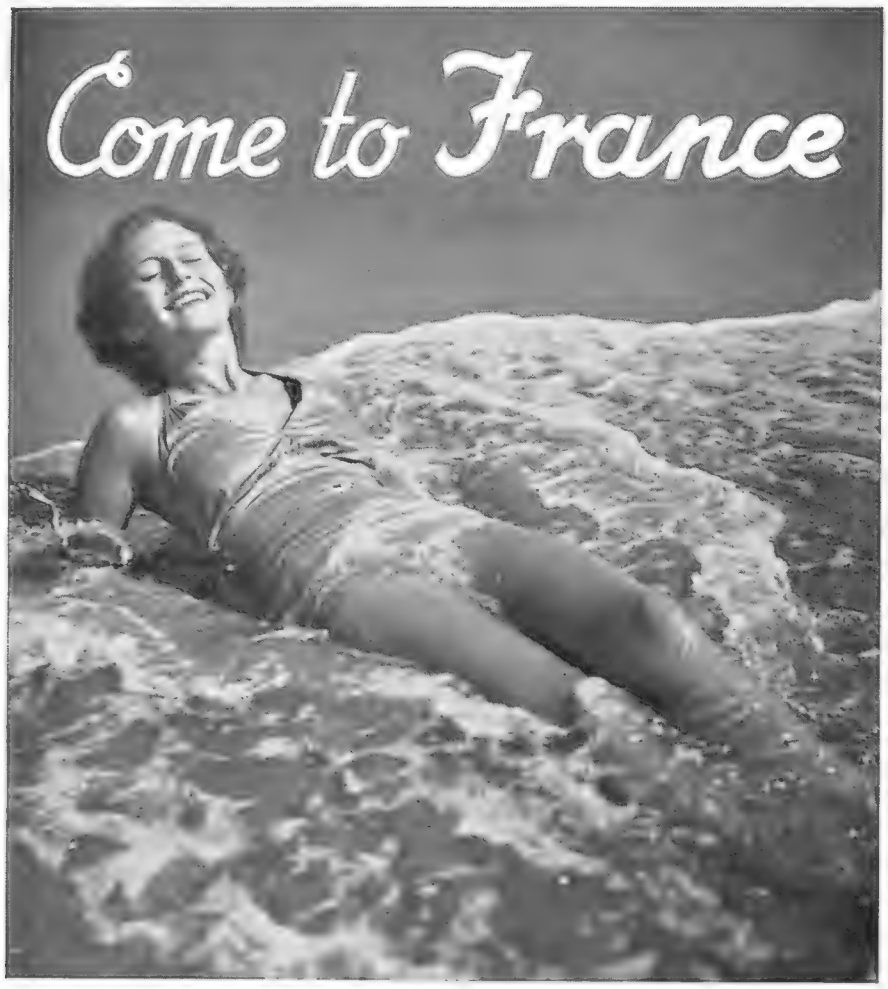

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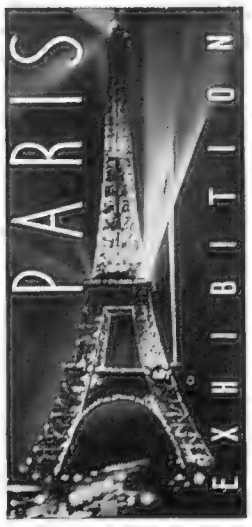

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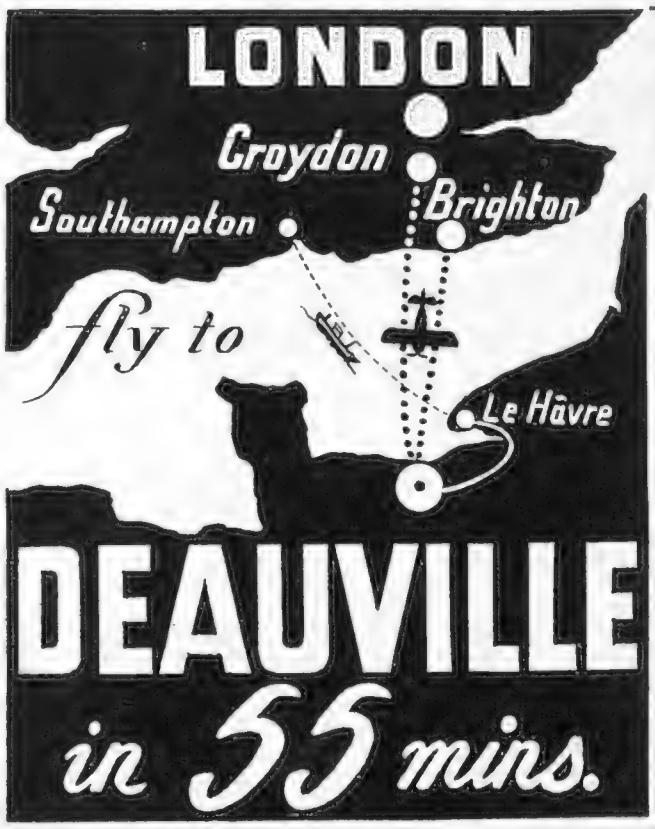

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SEEING FRANCE IN EXHIBITION YEAR

A Land With an Attraction Lying in the Sharply Defined Individuality of its Provinces

THIS is an important summer for France and her visitors from abroad. The Exhibition at Paris is not only a drawing force in itself but has been arranged specifically to combine a review of art and science with a tour of the French provinces themselves, a special section for which has been reserved in the Exhibition's lay-out. Furthermore, visitors who stay in Paris for five days are entitled to generous reductions on railways, air lines, and at hotels throughout the whole of the country. That is a point well worth the intending visitor's consideration.

France is a country on a grand scale which permits a remarkable individuality in her country-sides. What, for instance, could be more different than Celtic Brittany and Roman Provence, the solid peasants of Normandy and the Basques of the Pyrenees? Each important district has its particular type of architecture, its peculiar language or dialect, and its own food. So individual is this last that a real gourmet, landed at random and by night from an aeroplane, could probably tell you in which part of France he had arrived from the food offered to him at the nearest inn. In other respects it is important to remember that France, now one of the most nationally-minded nations in existence, was not finally welded into a conglomerate whole until the sixteenth century, and that the work begun by Louis XI was a long and painful one.

Not only is Normandy one of the nearest parts of France to England but it has historically a great connection with this country. Every schoolboy knows that Mary Tudor's greatest sorrow was the loss of the last English possession on French soil, and the Channel Islands are the Norman-French speaking remainder of the duchy which was for so long a possession of the English Crown. As is to be expected many relics of this connection remain. At Falaise, for instance, the Conqueror was born, a bastard. Typically he was to wipe out this stain on his birth by marrying the highest born princess of his time and by extending the dominions of the dukes of Normandy more widely than any of his predecessors could have dreamed.

At Bayeux you may see in the enormous tapestry woven by this same princess and her ladies the story of the invasion and conquest of England. At Caen William and Matilda founded religious houses for men and women respectively in thanksgiving for the great victory. Caen, too, is famous not only for its buildings, its many spires; for from here came Charlotte Corday, a true daughter of the old Normans; and housed in the beautiful Hôtel de Than is the Chandivert, one of the most famous restaurants in France. Here you may sample *Tripe à la mode de Caen* and *Sole Normande*. The Chandivert's attractions explain why quite a number who have set out for Mont St. Michel have tarried by the way.

Among Normandy's many sights I must mention one more in particular. "How ill at ease an atheist would feel in this place!" exclaimed Napoleon as he looked upon the glories of Chartres Cathedral. Truly, this great church is the Paradise of the lover of the Gothic. It has superb proportions, the architecture is magnificent, and its history (the present building was dedicated in 1260 in the presence of St. Louis) is one of noble associations. But the crowning glory of Chartres Cathedral are the more than one hundred windows of the thirteenth century. All the colour and pageantry of the Middle Ages, all the devotion of the great church-builders is concentrated in the ruby and sapphire glow of these acres of glass. One may spend an hour or a week at Chartres. The world holds nothing to compare with it. See, too, its famous ambulatory, and hear if you can one of the evening organ recitals—superb music in the finest setting.

Drawn by Percy Home

ARCHITECTURAL GEM IN A NORMAN SETTING: The church at St. Martin de Boscherville, near Rouen, rises majestically from the green landscape

Having perforce omitted to mention many famous spots in Normandy our tour leads us naturally into Brittany. The best-known "sight" is undoubtedly Mont St. Michel. The great abbey remains one of the finest Gothic structures in existence. It is a pity that this once great place of pilgrimage should have been allowed to become overlaid with so many tripperies.

Perhaps though the visitor, exhausted by the innumerable steps and outraged by the hordes of vulgar little shops, will find comfort at Madame Poulard's. St. Michel is not only famous for its buildings and as the site of the saint's appearance. It is also the reputed birthplace of the omelette and is noted for its *langouste* and salmon.

Brittany is a delightful part of the world. The coast is reminiscent of that of Cornwall, the peasantry still speak their native language and can understand a Welshman; and they adhere for the most part to their picturesque peasant dresses and their entirely local saints and ceremonies. It is a country also famous for its standing-stones. You should not miss a visit to Carnac, France's great Stonehenge; and after you have seen it you may bathe from the rocks of Quiberon. From here, too, came some of the great characters of the Middle Ages such as Duchess Anne and Bertrand de Guesclin, Constable of France.

Nantes is our next objective after a tour of Brittany, a town famous or infamous for, above all, two historic acts. For here Henri IV signed the famous Edict which his grandson was to revoke with such disastrous results, and here took place some of the most ghastly scenes of the Revolution, when whole shiploads of nuns and gentlefolk were slowly drowned when the hulks in which they were confined were scuttled. In the castle of Josselin you may still see the table where the Edict was signed; the *noyades* are commemorated as one of the worst stains on French First Republican history. Nantes is a good starting-point for a tour of the Châteaux of the Loire.

France is a country of many castles; but a tour of those which guard the Loire is becoming almost the equivalent of the foreign visitor to England's trip to the Shakespeare country. The Paris-Orléans Railway covers most of the important places by a series of motor-bus routes and everything is made easy for the sightseer. At Orléans you will remember Joan of Arc and Dunois the Bastard, who was the organising force under the inspiration of the Maid, and who commanded the forces which drove back the English. Rouen in Normandy (which I appear to have omitted to mention) holds the site of Joan's trial and martyrdom. (It is curious to think that the child-king of the English against whom Joan strove was Henry VI, generally acknowledged a true Christian character and by some venerated as a Saint.) At Châteaudun you may see the Sainte-Chapelle built by Dunois.

Not on the Loire, but some twenty miles from it on the Cosson 4 miles from Blois, lies Chambord, the great château built by François I. He visited it for about two months only during his entire reign. Nearby are splendid Blois and Amboisè, and 10 miles off Cheverny a mansion a generation older than Versailles which is very well kept up. Then there is Château de Moulin with its pepper-pot turrets reflected in the moat near the charming old town of Romartin of the sculptured and timbered houses, Chaumont once the property of that Diane de Poitiers whose portrait made of her when in her bath we know so well, and Chenonceaux. The list is endless. It is time to move on to Tours.

Tours cathedral is lovely. There is an abundance of rich old glass, and it contains the tomb of the four infant children of Charles VIII and Anne of Brittany, one of the most beautiful in Europe. At No. 39, rue Nationale, Balzac was born. You will like Tours. When you have stayed as long there as you can you must go to Loches whose castle was the centre of Louis XI's spider web. Repellent, a physical coward, cruel, and grossly superstitious as Louis was, one can scarcely help admiring in him one of the greatest of the Kings of France. At Loches he imprisoned Cardinal Balue in an iron cage for three years. Then Louis had a stroke and was scared into pardoning him. The Cardinal was restored to his honours and died full of merit in 1491. But it must have been anxious work serving Louis. Loches retains some of the uncomfortable atmosphere he created.

From the château country a pleasant journey may be made southwards, passing through the pine forests of the Landes.

The late Provost of Eton once told me that he had visited all the cathedrals in France save two. This feat on the part of the greatest medievalist of his age was perhaps not surprising. But what of all the castles, the abbeys, the flowery hills and sweet streams of this pleasant land? They are subjects with which one can hope only adequately to cope by dealing with the country region by region. To know it thoroughly one must make long visits and that repeatedly. In suggesting a few of the countless places worthy of a visit I have attempted only to sketch a brief outline on the canvas which must be filled by the traveller himself.

Hugonaut

OLD-WORLD BRITTANY: The Porte St. Patern at Vannes, a place of great charm and in by-gone days a prosperous seaport. It was at Vannes that the Veneti, a seafaring people famed for their ships with leathern sails, fitted out their expeditions to pre-Roman Britain

WHERE ANNE OF BRITTANY MARRIED CHARLES VIII, thus uniting her duchy to the realm of France. The famed Château de Langeais which stands out as a masterpiece of fifteenth-century military architecture and is to-day a veritable museum of fine furniture and tapestry

THE GLORY OF BOURGES: The tower of St. Etienne's Cathedral which was paid for partly with money obtained from the sale of indulgences to eat butter in Lent

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In Quest of

Through the Glens and Gateway to

TO follow in my tracks this week a map is advisable, for I shall take no set route. In fact, as Mr. John Prioleau has pointed out, you cannot "steer anything like an unbroken course amidst the glens and lochs of Perthshire—you must be constantly leaving your chosen road and returning to it—more than once retracing your tracks."

So I will leave it to you to plan your own tour, but no matter what direction or distance you travel, I can promise you good hotels during, or at the end of each day. *Amulree Hotel, Amulree.* If you take the Dunblane-Crieff-Inverness road you are bound to traverse the Sma Glen. There are people who will tell you that the Sma Glen is Scotland at its best and you need go no farther. Certainly there will be the desire to linger, and a meal at the Amulree Hotel should turn that desire into decision. Mr. T. S. Matheson, who personally owns and runs it is a practical hotelier. For many years he was with the L.M.S. at one of their Highland hotels. Now with an hotel of his own he has worked wonders at Amulree during the last eighteen months, and by sheer enthusiasm and knowledge has transformed it into as up to date an hotel as you could wish to find. There are seventeen bedrooms modernly equipped and beautifully furnished. There are times when he would be glad of ten times that number for he caters for the touring motorist, the fisherman, and all who are appreciative of the good things of life.

Auchraw Hotel, Lochearnhead.—Every Scottish loch has its head and usually an hotel. I came upon the Auchraw Hotel unexpectedly on the tree-lined bank of Loch Earn—a picture in the sunshine. A frontage clean and modern. Inside . . . no disillusionment. Twenty-four guest rooms, hot and cold water, electric light, inviting beds. I thought to myself, "What a nice home to have in the Highlands." On the lochside were four boats belonging to the hotel. Fishing free. At the rear there were tempting hills to climb. The inclusive terms were only 3½ guineas a week in the season. Fortunately Mr. Alan Sharpe, the resident proprietor, was temporarily out. I fled! Otherwise I might have succumbed and so never seen the other hotels described this week.

The Weem Hotel, near Aberfeldy. "On the road to Rannoch." I defy you to pass this attractive hotel without calling in. But to appreciate it thoroughly you must stay there. Here is what I wrote about it two years ago . . . and I am still prepared to adhere to my story. "The beds at the hotel are the shortest cut I know of to 'the land of nod.' Each morning the skirl of the pipes outside will bring you back to earth and remind you that you really are in Bonny Scotland. It is the proprietor, Mr. Donald Matheson's idea of

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saying 'Good morning.' Fresh trout on the menu is a reminder that in front of the hotel are two miles of private fishing, whilst in view . . . and around the corner . . . is a country ripe for exploration, for the motorist, the climber . . . yes, for the golfer, too."

Historically, part of the hotel was the sixteenth-century Weem Inn, and was the residence of the famous General Wade in 1733, when he was building the roads and bridges, some of which, to this day bear testimony to his genius.

Royal Hotel, Tyndrum.—Resident proprietor, A. C. Stewart. Farmer, inventor, highlander and a most excellent "Mine Host." You will find the Royal on the new Glencoe Road, and it is as cheerful and comfortable as the Glencoe Pass can be cold and forbidding. Rebuilt some three years ago it is up to date in every respect. The cloak-rooms alone should give the touring motorist the urge to stay, for I have never seen any so spotless. And if you do bide awhile you can have free fishing on three lochs, one lochan, (a baby loch) and two rivers. Motoring, ski-ing, and tennis are amongst other attractions, whilst the map will reveal the excellence of Tyndrum as a motoring centre. The Royal came as a new surprise to me after I thought I could be no longer surprised with the excellence of the Scottish hotels I had already seen.

Crianlarich Hotel, Crianlarich. — Four miles on from the Royal Hotel, Tyndrum, and under the same ownership, the same remarks as regards cleanliness and up to dateness apply, with this exception. The Crianlarich Hotel savours of "old-world." It might have been transplanted from some English village and you would not be surprised to see the stage coach and Mr. Pickwick arrive at any moment. Here everyone imbibes as at the Royal, Tyndrum . . . magnificent mountain air.

Killin Hotel, Killin, Loch Tay.—Another hotel at a loch head, and "all Scotland" told me I should visit it. In the South at Locherbie I was told I must be sure to visit the Killin Hotel. At Carrbridge up north, I was asked, had I met Miss K. Read, the resident director of the Killin Hotel. Though I have still to meet her, I have seen her hotel, and admired it. Without any recommendation from me. it must attract the passer-by. The way it is set back from the road and the peep through to the attractive sun-lounge. I asked to see the best and worst of their thirty comfortable bedrooms. The worst would be the best in some hotels. I could not stop for a meal but I am prepared to accept all I have heard about the Killin Hotel. They have their own farm which accounts for a good deal of the excellence of the fare, and they have a discerning clientele who come back year after year for two reasons—food and fishing. The finest salmon fishing is to be had on Loch Tay with trouting in loch and river.

(Continued on page 679)

The pivotal centre of the English Lakes, and from whose windows you get a magnificent 9 mile panoramic view of the Scawfell Range. An Hotel that is brimful of interest. Interesting food, intriguing wines, 100 inviting bedrooms, and by no means least the interest of the Resident Proprietors, who represent an unbroken chain of four generations.

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Malvern.—Malvern House Hotel. Tel. Malvn. 338
Manchester.—Bowdon Hydro.
Marlborough.—The Ailesbury Arms Hotel.
Newquay.—Headland Hotel. Tel. Newquay 511.
Reading.—Upcross Hotel. (Thames two miles.)
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Torquay.—Lincombe Hall.
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Weybridge.—Oatlands Park Hotel.
Weybridge.—Heath Hotel.
Wheatley, Oxford.—Brimpton Grange Hotel.
Worthing.—Ferring Grange Hotel.

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Tempsford, Beds. (51).—The Anchor.
Huntingdon (68½).—Old Bridge Hotel.
Wansford-in-England (84½).—The Haycock.
Sutton-on-Trent (133½).—Old England Hotel.
Boroughbridge (211).—Three Arrows Hotel.
Leeming Lane (227).—Newton House Hotel.

ENGLISH LAKES

Keswick.—Keswick Hotel.
Keswick.—Armathwaite Hall Hotel.
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Keswick.—Royal Oak Hotel.
Keswick.—The Borrowdale Hotel.
Buttermere.—Victoria Hotel. Tel. 2.
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SCOTLAND

Aberfoyle.—The Bailie Nicol Jarvie Hotel.
Aviemore.—Aviemore Hotel for the Cairngorms.
Bridge of Allan.—Allan Water and Spa Hotel.
Carr Bridge, Strathspey, N.B.—Carr Bridge Htl.
Dornoch.—Dornoch Hotel.
Dunblane.—Dunblane Hotel Hydro.
Dunkeld.—Birnham Hotel. Tennis. Tel. 24.
Edinburgh.—The Alison Hotel, Melville Crescent
Gullane.—Marine Hotel.
Isle of Skye.—Duisdale Hotel. Tel. Isleornsay 2.
Lochearnhead.—Auchraw Hotel. Tel. 3.
Onich (North Ballachulish).—Creagdhu Hotel.
Oban.—Station Hotel.
Peebles.—Peebles Hydro.
Perthshire.—Trossachs Hotel, Loch Katrine.
Pitlochry.—Atholl Palace Hotel.
Pitlochry.—Scotland's Hotel.

WALES

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Greenore (Co. Louth).—Great N. (Rly) Hotel.
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Rosapenna (Co. Donegal).—Rosapenna Hotel.

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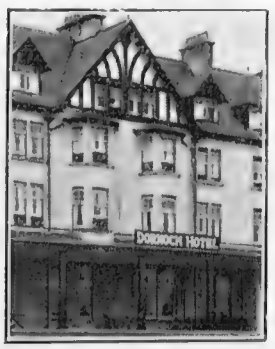

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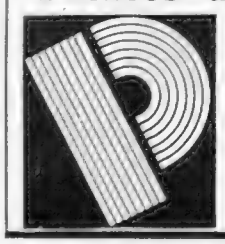
Peebles among the Pines for Pleasure



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IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS

(Continued from page 677)

Fortingall Hotel, Fortingall.—Eight miles from Aberfeldy at the entrance to one of Scotland's finest glens, Glen Lyn. Mr. William Hepinstall, the proprietor of the Fortingall Hotel, claims nothing but achieves miracles in the culinary sphere, for he is a practical chef of international experience. Go there for a meal at any time and you will find some surprise on the menu. The day I was there I had the flufliest of omelettes, chicken pancakes, and some delicious potted Stilton cheese. Don't ask to see Mr. Hepinstall during meal times for he will be busy over his great joy in life—cooking. Fortingall is a great centre for everything for it is the actual centre of Scotland. There is a yew tree in the courtyard adjoining reputed to be 3,000 years old, but since Mr. Hepinstall came to Fortingall, the yew has had to take second place.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

A.I. (Kensington).—I was interested in your enquiry for a hotel of the country house type in or around the Cotswolds. Would Evesham be too much off the beaten track for you? If not I can recommend the Mansion House Hotel there (Mr. and Mrs. Purves).

E.B.H. (Aldershot).—Here are the names of two very nice pubs in the Thames valley which have the great advantage of being just away from the riverside. The Bull at Streatley on Thames (Captain and Mrs. Frank Barton) and the Stag and Huntsman at Hambleden. (Mr. and Mrs. Gloyne).

J.S. (Ealing).—I appreciate your desire to find a hotel with a country-house atmosphere as you are going to spend a holiday alone. I think Ferring Grange Hotel, near Worthing would be very suitable. As alternatives, of a smaller nature, I can suggest the Old Tithe Barn, North Lancing, or Fircroft Guest House, also at North Lancing.

P.J.E. (Stratford).—I can strongly recommend the Grenville Hotel, Bude or the Headland Hotel, Newquay. There you will get excellent bathing, surfing, tennis, dancing, etc.

E.M.G. (Bootle).—At Wantage itself *the* hotel is the Bear but as I have not been there for a number of years I am not in a position to express an opinion.

M.H. (Bacup).—The Bide-a-While Hotel is at Port Gavern, Port Isaac. Cornwall. The cottage at St. Ives is the Smugglers' Cottage. Postal address Portreath, nr. Redruth, Cornwall. As regards small country-cum-seaside hotels with private golf courses or public courses adjoining, I can certainly recommend Lee Abbey Hotel, Lynton, North Devon; The Manor House, Budock Vean; and Whitsand Bay Hotel, Crafthole. Cornwall.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him, c o the Editor of THE SPHERE, *32, St. Bride Street, London.*

THE DEATH OF WILLIAM OF SENS: The Archangels Michael, Raphael, and Gabriel, and the Recording Angel, Casiel, stand beside the dying architect of Canterbury Cathedral. A scene from the last act of *The Zeal of Thy House*, written by Dorothy L. Sayers for the recently concluded Canterbury Festival and presented in the Chapter House

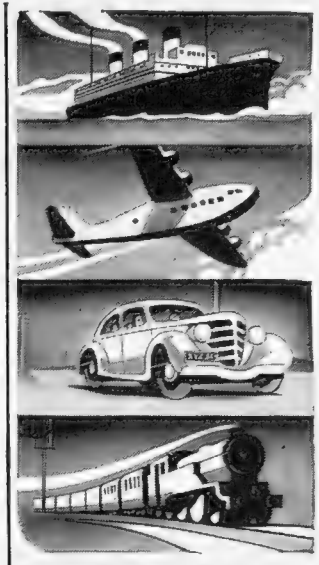
THE Friends of the Cathedral at Canterbury have just brought their week of festival to a close. It has been attended by great crowds of visitors from all over the world. The play this year was specially written for the Festival by Miss Dorothy L. Sayers. The Chapter House made an impressive setting for the tableaux for archangels and architects, workmen and fine lady, Canterbury pilgrims and priests. The story is taken from the account written by Gervase, a monk of the Priory of Christ Church, Canterbury, concerning the burning and repair of the Church of Canterbury in the year 1174.

The hero is William of Sens, the architect who was chosen to begin the rebuilding of the Choir in 1176. Gervase tells us that he "used most ingenious machines for loading and unloading ships, and for drawing the mortar and stones." One of his devices was his undoing, for while he was "preparing his machines for turning the great arch, at the beginning of the fifth year, the scaffold on a sudden gave way, and he came to the ground from the height of the crown of the upper arch, which is fifty feet . . . . Either the vengeance of God or the envy of the Devil wreaked itself on him alone."

The four angelic beings, the Archangels Michael, Raphael, and Gabriel, and the Recording Angel Casiel, began and ended the play, their great golden wings and robes making a particularly beautiful picture as they stood round the couch of the dying architect in the last act. The play was excellently produced and acted.

M. M. H.

CANADA'S NEW COINAGE: Four pieces that have just been struck for circulation in the Dominion, all of which bear the effigy of King George VI on the obverse. The reverses (as shown here) feature the moose on the 25-cent coin, the beaver on the 5-cent, the *Bluenose* Atlantic fishing boat on the 10-cent, and the maple leaf on the 1-cent



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ART NEWS of the DAY

Below—A NOTABLE ACQUISITION: This superb head from the Goldman collection, New York, an original work by a Greek sculptor of the fourth century B.C. and quite evidently belonging to the school of Praxitiles, has just come into possession of the Toledo Art Museum, Ohio

A SCULPTRESS WITH A FUTURE: "Laurette," a Martinique negress (*above on left*), and "Paul Robeson" (*above on right*)—two works by Sally Ryan (*centre*), the young American artist who, though not yet twenty-one, is, from June 30, giving her first "one-man show" at the Cooling Galleries, 92, New Bond Street. Miss Ryan, of whom great things are expected, has received much encouragement from Epstein, and has had the good fortune to have many notabilities among her sitters, including Victor Cazalet, M.P., Geoffrey Vickers, V.C., Val Gielgud, Lady Maidstone, and Mrs. Ormond Lawson-Johnston. After some early successes in Toronto, the sculptress went to Paris where, working on her own in order to preserve her individuality of style, her art rapidly matured. She now has a studio in London—a former royal coach-house

On left—THE MEETING OF ISAAC AND REBECCA is portrayed in this early eighteenth-century embroidery recently acquired by the Victoria and Albert Museum; an extremely fine piece of work in petit point with an average of no fewer than 625 stitches to the square inch. The embroidress clothed the Biblical figures in costumes partly classical and partly of her own day, while the landscape background, with its church, houses, trees, and rabbits is very definitely English

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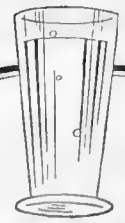

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"L'AFFAIRE FROGÉ"—*Continued from p. 648*

of the existence of Krauss who had doubtless been dug up by the Sûreté to sustain a case that was crumbling. Frogé protested vigorously that the three documents alleged to have been removed by him from the cabinet never were there at any time. As for the manœuvres, their objective—motorisation—had become common property by April, 1934, when Krauss made his statement.

But the *clou* of the proceedings was provided by a witness for the prosecution, Della Torre, who most unexpectedly cried out "I refused to be implicated in an intrigue to dishonour a French officer in order that a German agent, Gessmann, might be brought into our secret service! Krauss was sought out by the Deuxième Bureau and coached in the form the denunciation of Frogé should take!"

It is not possible to explore the devious by-paths and backwaters of secret service work, one of which is so smoothly suggested in the above outburst. One can only say this: that Intelligence Services do on rare occasion find it necessary to victimise their own people by preferring false charges against them.

In effect, Frogé was sentenced to five years imprisonment, increased by six months when the case was retried, again in secret, at Besançon, on appeal. Krauss got the same sentence, but whereas he still languishes in Poissy prison, Frogé was released "on account of exceptional conduct" as early as last October. Released, but not exculpated, and it is here that we draw abreast of things as they stand.

Frogé was not publicly degraded like Dreyfus, because his had been a civil conviction. He was even allowed to retain his Legion of Honour. But that was all. Frogé upon release went at once to his brother, Christian's little property near Étampes, outside Paris.

The freed man's position was extraordinary. "Henceforward I am my brother's prisoner. I haven't the right to go out of here. I have twelve years more of it—two from my prison sentence, and ten years interdiction de séjour (ticket-of-leave parallel). I cannot go to my family, in Paris, nor to my lawyer, in Lyon. Not even to the coiffeur in the village, without police permission! Legally, I have ceased to be. But that does not prevent my case now going forward so that the Minister of Justice shall request the Court of Appeal to advise on the desirability of a third trial, by the Criminal Supreme Court, this time in the open, and with all military witnesses summoned, together with bankers who will show I always had a balance. None of such evidence was Maître Legrand permitted to call. It will further be shown that Professor Locard's expertising of my supposed writing was based on a fallacy, and that not one centime of Krauss's alleged 150,000 francs payment was ever traced to me. As for the fellow's description of the interior of my flat, anyone in the street could have learnt that off by heart—all except one set of Moroccan weapons which is out of view of the passer-by, and which Krauss curiously did not mention!"

Marc Rucart, Leon Blum's Minister of Justice, recently inquired whether a retrial was indicated: that is what has brought l'Affaire back into the foreground. Indeed, to an extent it never was previously, because quite a Frogé school has sprung up. It may not bear such honoured names as Clemenceau, France, Zola, Picquart, Jaurès, Proust, Monet, yet its standard-bearers proclaim that truth is on the march and that shortly they will pass to the "J'accuse!" stage.

Paul Allard, leading light of Herriot's *Œuvre* daily, and of the *Rights of Man*, is the spearhead of the case for revision, aided by Jean Piot and André Philippe, and it need scarcely be added, by the Frogé brothers. Already "l'Affaire Frogé" has been set in book form by Allard, while the accused is writing his memoirs in the seclusion of little Boissy-la-Rivière, where THE SPHERE called.

An explosive officer, very French, with his upcurled moustache, high colour, nervous restlessness, Major Christian Frogé explained that he and his brother Jean had devoted much time to tracing the history of the dozen documents that Krauss said he acquired from the accused. Five were found to have been officially burnt before the captain's arrival at Belfort; two others only appeared subsequent to his apprehension.

As for motive, it would be shown that of a total fortune of 200,000 francs the prisoner had lost 15,000 by stock gambling. Furthermore, the small loans he had negotiated were on his brother-in-law's behalf, as would be proved. Major Frogé went excitedly on and on, giving his version of every aspect of the case. Yet all the time one question pressed to be answered. It will be recalled that the Odyssey of Dreyfus in search of the *fait nouveau* which would justify the reopening of his case led to a series of adventures in a judicial, political, and military labyrinth each step through which was fraught with probabilities turned to naught, with deceptions, falsifications, almost as flagrant as those that had kept the innocent one on Devil's Island. It took years for Dreyfus to win through that labyrinth. Now, one inquired of Major Frogé, what, if any, imperative *faits nouveaux* had he up his sleeve?

The answer was surprising. "We have seven new facts. I cannot specify everything, for fear of damaging our case, but several relate to the documents Frogé is alleged to have divulged and to the Mulhouse manœuvres. Again, a co-prisoner of Krauss, named Mayer, is prepared to testify that the Pole confessed it was a put-up job against my brother. Then, of course, there's the unheard evidence about the money side. And the challenge of Professor Locard's handwriting report."

Dreyfus was the victim of his own unpopularity and of an anti-Semitic wave, the affair later developing into a fight for "the honour of the Army," plus strong monarchist undercurrents.

Was—is—there a political twist to the Frogé affair? Why was he being so vigorously championed by the Popular Front newspapers but ignored by publications of the Right?

"The Right is not talking," answered Major Frogé, "because emissaries of the Deuxième Bureau intervened with it. I know from Colonel Larpent of the *Action Française*, who told me that these emissaries had seen Maurras and Pujo and told them that formal proof of Frogé's guilt was in being but that to reveal it would mean war with Germany—the same thing was said over Dreyfus—and the division of the French Army with consequent grave inroads on the national defence. As a matter of fact, not a solitary French officer believes in my brother's guilt!"

Paul Allard was subsequently visited. He declared: "When I decided to write my book, I summoned Frogé's brothers. They showed me all the family papers, I examined all their banking accounts. Not a thing was suspect. And if I had to write my book over again, I would be even more categoric concerning Frogé's innocence, in view of fresh facts come to light since. Do you know this, for instance? That, immediately rumours began to circulate concerning their brother, the three other Frogés assembled in a sort of war council, summoning Georges before them. And Major Christian Frogé, in telling me the story, concluded: 'The revolver was on the table. If there had been the least suspicion, or even the smallest imprudence, we should have executed him'."

French family honour! We are deep in it here. Almost as deep as in the morass of legal tomfoolery that would be high farce but for its tragic side.

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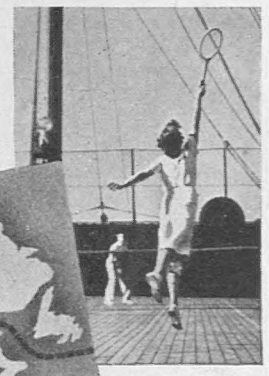

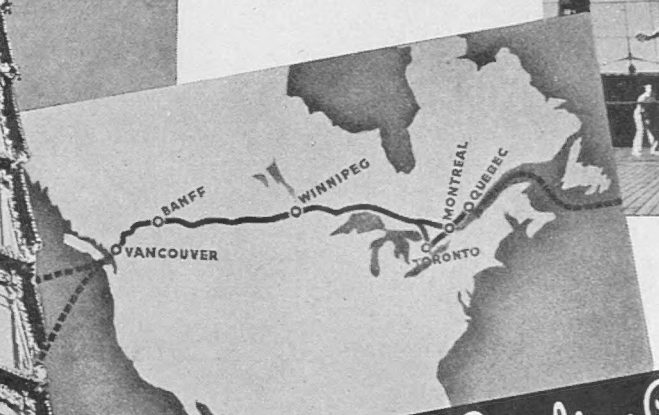

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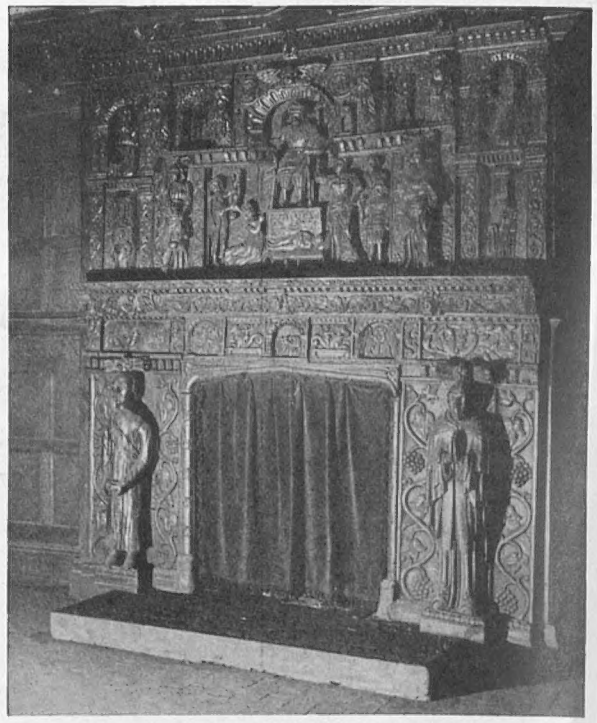
F. R. W.

* * *

JACK (who is pictured above on left) is a valued friend of an Eskdale household in a West Cumberland lakeland village. He is a hale old fellow, with bright eyes which are still gay and impudent, and he still follows his mistress about her garden full of inquisitive interest in whatever is going on. With age he has grown white feathers, but he is still a handsome bird.

When younger his wings had to be clipped for he flew long distances of exploration, though he always ultimately returned to his own home. In one upstairs study he found a tube of moist sepia paint which he bit in pieces, subsequently cleaning his beak upon whatever portion of the furniture seemed most suitable; he also stole boxes of matches with which he retired to the garden.

M. C. F.



A RENOWNED BRISTOL BUILDING TO GO: The striking Renaissance fireplace and (*below*) part of the Perpendicular hall in Canynges House, Redcliff Street, which, it is understood, is to be demolished to make way for development on the site. It will be a sad loss to the City

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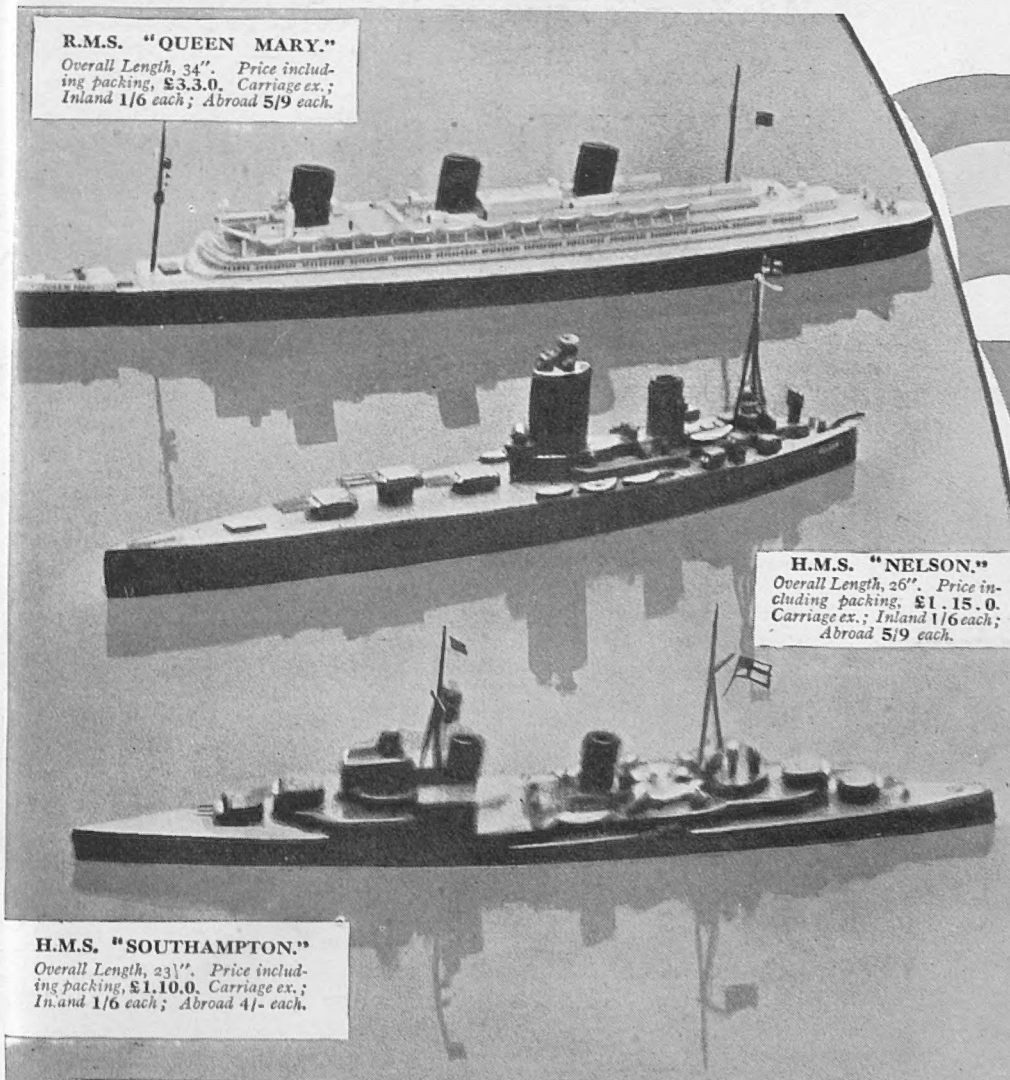

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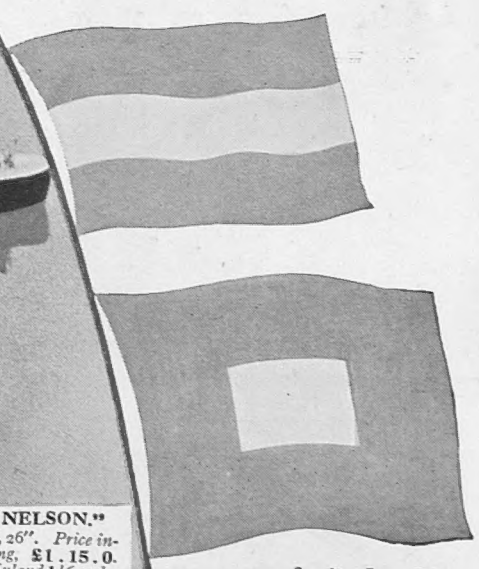

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